THE SATURNINE COMMENTARY . . . BY LEONARD BACON

THE

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"THE END IN AFRICA"
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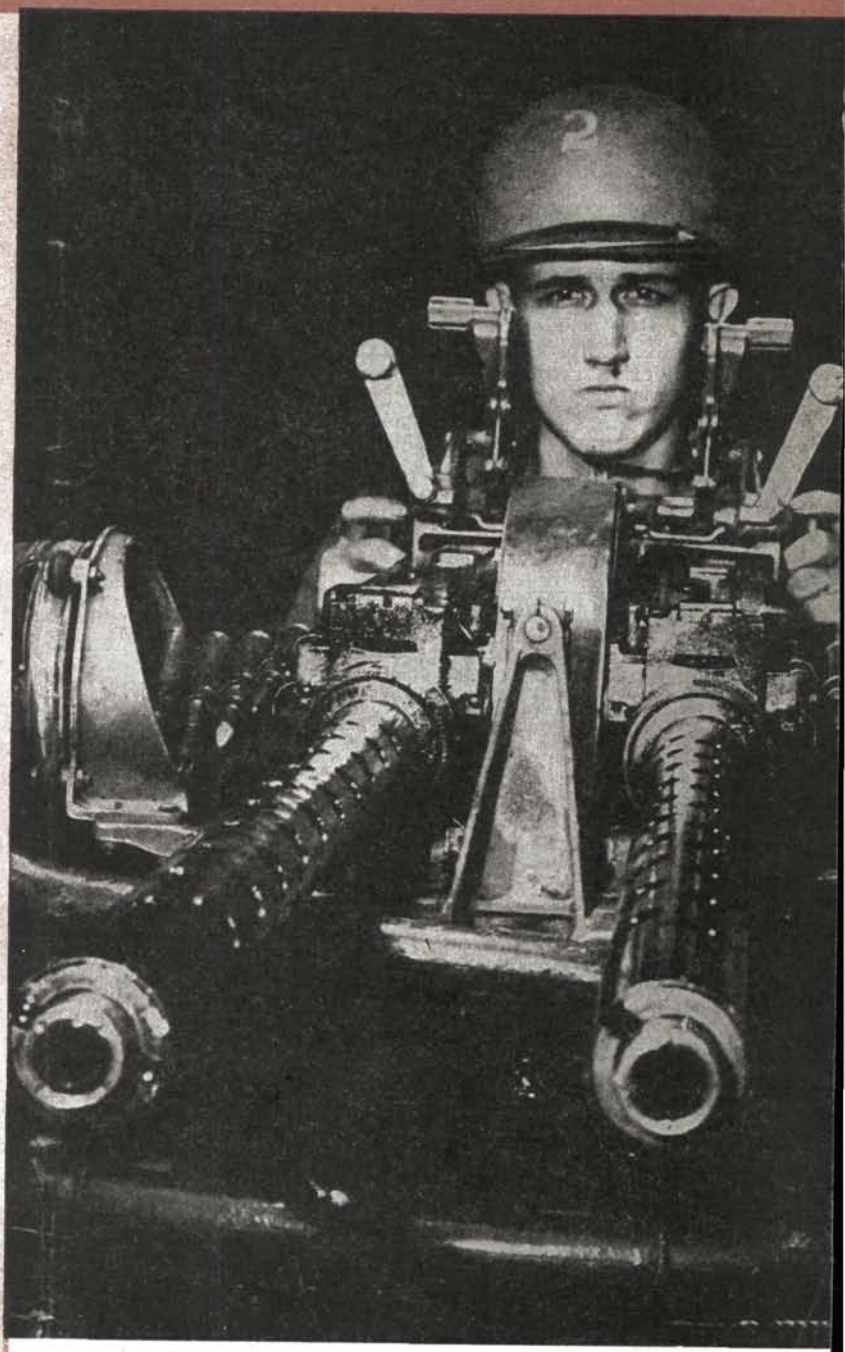

American P-T Boat Gunner in the South Pacific. (See page 8)

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The Saturday Review of Literature

The Saturnine Commentary

LEONARD BACON

THAT anyone else will believe a word of this narrative in the sense in which I believe in it, I for one do not expect. It goes beyond what can be borne even in Hollywood, which will stand a good deal, or so I am told. For though I live in a suburb of Los Angeles, my clientèle is not among film stars, who are names, and, with one exception, names alone as far as I am concerned. I work with an altogether different type of sudden wealth, and, for a psychiatrist, have been tolerably successful. What I might call my diocese runs north to Santa Barbara and south to La Jolla. And there is hardly a palace in Montecito which is not full of my labors. Those labors, to use the good old medical epigram, I long ago recognized must be carried on among persons with sufficient leisure to contract the maladies I treat most successfully. And whatever else Hollywood may possess, it has no leisure. No doubt film stars develop complexes, in spite of Anita Loos, but they have no time to bother me about them. And, accordingly, I was surprised, when I was consulted not by, but about, Zara Michael.

She is almost forgotten now, but, whether or no you follow the movies, you must remember the ballyhoo about her. Great newspapers spent columns on how she was discovered in a Bucharest night club by the great Sam, who declared naively that she was not only perfect photogenically, but, even better, had nothing above the ears and did what you told her. Her first picture swept Hollywood off its fallen arches. Her second brought extra police around Radio City. Gossip told us how red Garbo's face was and how Helen Hayes was seen crying between envy and admiration in an obscure theatre into which she had sneaked for a look. Such episodes are numberless and meaningless except as a rather maudlin background, in which I myself moved rather irresponsibly.

And this, as far as I am concerned, is more or less the way it happened. At the end of a rather tiresome day with several millionairesses, whose well-developed hangovers had convinced them that imbalance played an unfortunate part in their psyches, a large grey Rolls, rather more barbaric than what is affected by Santa Barbara, drove up to my door. Though it was long after my office hours, the somewhat flamboyant occupant got by my normally efficient butler and into my presence with a speed that astonished me. Naturally, I recognized him at once and also saw that the fat and more or less amiable creature was in a state of anxiety and tension, in fact so anxious that it was minutes before I could get anything explicit about his purpose out of him. His approach was disarming but hardly suggestive when he asked plaintively whether he looked like a sucker.

I assured him that I had some experience and that he had few of the earmarks. But this hardly calmed him.

"Just the same I'm going nuts," he said, "just like a sucker that knows he's one." And there was enough genuine anxiety in his voice to make me curious.

"If I knew what the trouble is, perhaps I could help," I said.

"It's plenty. You heard of her already. It's Zara Michael. She ain't herself any more."

"Many people never are, particularly in your world. What form is it taking?"

"If I could tell you, do you think I'd come to you. It ain't like anything I've ever seen. And you can't tell me anything about the nut business, Doc. The horrors, man-crazy, fairies, I know all about them. But this—!"

He gobbled, gasped, and went on: "Honestly, Doc, a year ago she was so dumb it was a pleasure— She ain't dumb any more."

I said that I could see how that might be disturbing and asked if it had affected her work unfavorably.

"God no! That ain't it. She's the best actress in the world and getting better. But, if you could see what she's doing to my organization."

I asked what she did.

With the air of a man putting his finger on an important missing paper, Sam exploded:

"She watches you. Oh, I don't mean snooping. She just looks at you till the skin crinkles on your back. Nothing mean about it. But it's like having one of those hot shots that write you up, on the job every minute. You can laugh it off once or twice, but all the time it don't roll off your back like a duck. Clark Gary's took to drinking again and Olivia Gilmore, playing opposite to her in 'Blitzkrieg,' stood it three weeks and now she's cracked up in a nursing home. I ought to be in one too. Just thinking about it makes me sweat. And Christ! She's beautiful."

If I thought for a second that I was to be the confidant of Sam's passion, he undeceived me swiftly. There was rage in his venomous murmur.

"I hate her guts. She'll make me more money in six months than I ever heard of. And I'd pay you the whole of it never to see her again."

I took the case, if that is what it ought to be called.

Within five minutes of shaking hands

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with Zara Michael I knew the discomfort which radiated from her like heat from a red-hot casting. I felt that every motion I made was awkward, that every word I uttered was meaningless or insincere, and that every thought in my head was without interest, supposing it were a thought. She looked at me as if I were a petty and uninteresting pathological growth. And I realized with a species of horror that, far from there being any question of my getting her confidence, the real problem was whether she would ever get mine. That is not a comfortable situation for a psychiatrist. And taking the bull by the horns, I had the audacity to tell her so.

"Many of you seem to feel that," she said, "Are you a doctor? I am not ill. But I make Sam uncomfortable, so he brought you. I don't try to make Sam uncomfortable. He becomes so."

"Do you dislike him?" I asked while her splendid eyes seemed to penetrate my skin with their dark and possibly dangerous radiance.

"Not at all! Nor do I like him. He is just one of them."

"Is Clark Gary one of them?"

"Noticeably."

"Is Olivia Gilmore?"

"Of course."

"Am I?"

"I do not see that you are different."

"Is this questioning unpleasant to you?"

"No!"

"Do you see any use in it?"

"No!"

"Why?"

"Because you are not properly equipped to discover the interesting part."

"Do you mean that you understand something I could never understand?"

"A number of things."

"What sort of things? Mystical things?"

"Not at all! Perfectly obvious things."

"Can't you tell me about them?"

"I came here to try."

The remark seemed to be on the positive side. I felt that it was a break. I left it at that.

When I got away, Sam met me. He did not seem to think that I had done much about the problem.

"Your collar's melted and you got nowhere," he grunted, "Hell! It would be fun to shoot her."

I told him that I thought she would coöperate. The funny thing about the remark is that I never made a truer one in my life. But he could not know that.

"Do you think she's crazy, Doc?"

"No," I said, "Perhaps we are."

"That's it," he answered morosely, "Am I a sucker?"

It would do no good to report the unsatisfactory hours in which we "worked" together. They always made me feel not only incompetent but imbecile. No one could possibly have taken her occasional observations on my approach to her problem as complimentary. But I could not be offended by such serene objectivity. In my work I have always endeavored to be objective myself. But her kind of objectivity hurt. By contrast, my silly millionairesses became rather human women, whose small vapidities seemed soft, agreeable, and endearing. However, I am told that about this time I developed a chill in my manner that thickened feminine blood right in the vein, and grew, in the novelist's phrase, "satisfactorily terrifying." Certainly several hard cases began to mend faster than the prognoses indicated. And polo-playing husbands, after the fifth cocktail, thanked me repeatedly for putting the fear of God where it had not previously been in evidence. I hadn't the entrails to tell them about Zara Michael.

And of course it would have been impossible then, as it perhaps is impossible now, even though I have her strange record before me, as entire as I shall ever have it. It's too long to set down as it stands. And the inferences to be drawn from it are too eccentric even for a psychiatrist to countenance. The mere implications as to where the intelligence that went by the name of Zara Michael originated made imagination boggle. One could, of course, account tritely for the whole thing as mere unconscious assimilation of Flammarion, Du Maurier, Olav Stapledon, Karel Czapek, Wells, and Buck Rogers. But that would not explain the inhuman attitude and position with respect to poor humanity, whether at its highest or lowest. To take the thing at its face value seems impossible. And yet—!

I shall only ask you to bear with a few excerpts, to draw your own conclusions, and, if possible, to endure a *weltanschauung* such as neither you nor I ever dreamed of. I may also remark that, if anything could accrue to one's vanity, as a result of so bizarre a business, some little things may accrue to mine. The first sentence is apparently to my address. There it stands in the unformed hand of a peasant girl, who clearly had difficulty with English script. I quote:

"This abstract of my report is written for the benefit of the doctor so-called. The report has been sent to the proper quarter and may perhaps create some interest, though it will not suggest appropriate procedure. Into that, as will appear, it is not necessary to go. At any rate it would not help the doctor."

I seem to detect a shadowy innuen-

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uo in these first sentences. But that, as is well known, is not infrequently the reward of those who try to help others to a better adaptation. The next note I do not even pretend to explain.

"The voyage was as splendid and full of interest as ever. There was some special splendor in the ultra-violet and a corresponding diminished effect in the infra-red as we passed the orbit of Helena. Though I have observed such phenomena often, they are no less striking on that account. My arrival was wholly uneventful, though the life of the planet exhibits many features which are unfamiliar because of their astonishing lack of the complexity we are, perhaps, too apt to expect. Obedient to my instructions, I reconnoitered for the specified time, got a proper orientation, and then took appropriate measures which met with little or no opposition. The instrument I selected was, however, not altogether to the purpose. And I wasted a good deal of precious energy in the effort to adapt the second-rate to important ends. The results, however, have not been wholly unsatisfactory, though largely negative."

"The first thing to be observed among the dominant animals is that, as far as I could determine, there are only two kinds of them. Specialization has not gone far. The two types resemble each other closely, differing only in minor features of the bony structure and in certain organs. Nothing, in my whole intercourse with them, struck me so much as the emphasis they place on these minor differences. It is not too much to say that there is no aspect of their existence in which a trivial variation in structure does not play an absolutely overwhelming part. Behavior, for instance, is absolutely governed by the exaggeration of the barely distinguishable."

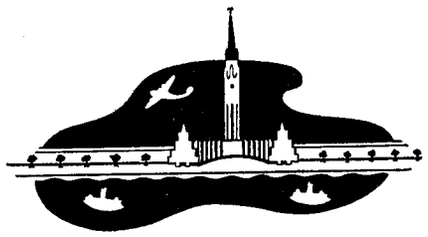
"In the limited region where I conducted my researches, the principal activity was the manufacture of inexpressibly crude representations of difficulties originating from the exaggeration of the barely distinguishable accompanied by commentary cruder still. It was difficult for me at first to see that they were representations at all, because they were flat, in two dimensions only. With a little practice, however, I became able to see the shadows of the creatures for what they were. And in fact I myself took part in this manufacture of shadows, for that is what the more conscious call the representations."

"Their habits with respect to each other are astonishing. I shall not forget my surprise on discovering that individuals occasionally extinguish the lives of other individuals. Often they plan it. And sometimes this takes place on a very great scale. The inhabitants of a large region suddenly undertake such an enterprise, and all energies are directed to the purpose, with results that need not be specified."

"Their methods of communication with each other are not the least curious thing about them. By means of an organ in the upper part of the body they set up a vibration in the gas which is necessary to their existence. Two other organs are capable of responding to the vibration. By modifying the vibration in pitch or amplitude or both, they are able to send tolerably complicated signals to each other. It is noticeable that most of them prefer transmission to reception. Many transmit merely for transmitting's sake, without concern for the fact that the signal is without meaning. It is true that though they have fairly complex organs for the reception of a narrow band of light, they have none for the emission of it. They themselves have noticed this. Parenthetically, there are, among the still lower forms of life which abound on the planet, tiny creatures which have the beginnings of this faculty. Their little flashes are too simple to be interpreted. But perhaps something may be hoped for from them. The larger animals, with some ingenuity, by a crude application of radiation, have extended the powers of their organs so that, under favorable circumstances they are able to communicate all over the planet. But their taste for the transmission of meaningless signals tends to neutralize the little they have done."

"For a long time they were unable to move about in the gas which surrounds them. But they have recently learned how. It is perhaps just as well that they have solved the problem. It may reduce their numbers and their powers and thus save us from the shocking expedient of having to deal with them as they deal with each other."

"It was part of my mission to examine their ideas concerning the physical universe. They have arrived at



some notions as to its shape, size, and the laws which govern it. But this knowledge, which is strangely limited, is apparently confined to a few individuals, who are regarded as vaguely undesirable and unimportant. The instruments with which they study the skies are better than they once had, but are still so feeble that the nearest star is only a point of light to them. They debate with some acrimony whether or not the universe might conceivably produce elsewhere creatures as intelligent as they. Creatures more intelligent very few of them endeavor to imagine. Habit governs them in these connections as in others. And the alteration of an hypothesis seems to give them pain. A rather simple theory recently put forward to explain away the force which bodies exert on each other met with furious resistance when first promulgated. It is fair to say that it now finds favor and the discoverer is revered by many who do not understand the ideas at all. It may be said that it is only in the physical sciences that they exhibit what we should call intelligence."

"One of their principal activities is keeping records. They manage this in a peculiar manner by means of symbols marked on thin sheets of a substance derived from vegetable matter. The symbols, which stand for the vibrations which they set going in the surrounding gas, are at once crude and complicated, as also susceptible of perpetual misinterpretation. Worse than that there are hundreds of symbol systems, of which no one understands more than a dozen. The chaos in their minds may easily be imagined. Many of them think that the pleasure they take in the extinction of life arises in part from their incapacity to interpret each other's symbols."

"In the brief time at my disposal I was only able to investigate the records in two or three symbol systems. The records are very similar and very bizarre. They fall into two main classes, one concerned with the actual, what has, or has had, or at least may have, existence, and the other concerned with what does not exist, never has existed, and never will exist. This latter class, the vast majority infinitely prefer. Incidentally, a

(*Continued on page* 13)

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Novel of Embattled China

THE PROMISE. By Pearl S. Buck. New York: John Day Co. 1943. 248 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by STRUTHERS BURT

THIS latest book of Pearl Buck's is a continuation of "Dragon Seed"; a further story of embattled China and of the family of Ling Tan, the old and prosperous farmer who lives near Nanking, where Mrs. Buck herself lived for seventeen years, and which was the scene of "Dragon Seed" and of the most dreadful of all Japan's dreadful rapes and conquests. Nanking is a bloody name, more bloody even than Hong Kong and Singapore, and all over the world now, save for the three continents of Australia and North and South America, the names of these slaughtered cities drip blood like the agonized heads of Christ.

But this new story of Mrs. Buck's is not another story of Nanking, but of the fall of another city, Rangoon, far to the south, and the three divisions of badly armed, but veteran and crack Chinese troops, dispatched to the aid of the retreating English by China's great leader, Chiang Kai-shek. This affords Mrs. Buck rather a field-day for one of her pet dislikes, the English, but one puts down the book with the feeling, especially in view of recent events, that Chiang Kai-shek is in the long run a better strategist than Mrs. Buck. He has that final essential of greatness, infinite patience.

Old Ling Tan, the farmer, also has infinite patience; the Chinese patience that has performed a miracle and has made his country, weak, torn apart, unprepared, although huge, the formidable not to be conquered opponent of "the East Ocean dwarfs"; the men from Japan. The patience which is now performing another miracle, the recapturing of its place as one of the great powers of the world by a nation which, after a past, glorious, and incredibly ancient, suffered centuries of abeyance. This is one of the rarest feats in history, and as time goes on will be more clearly recognized. Ling Tan believed, still believes, for he is still alive in Mrs. Buck's chronicles, that with the help of the men of Ying, the English, and the men of Mei, the Americans, "the hairy and fierce" men, China would be eventually free.

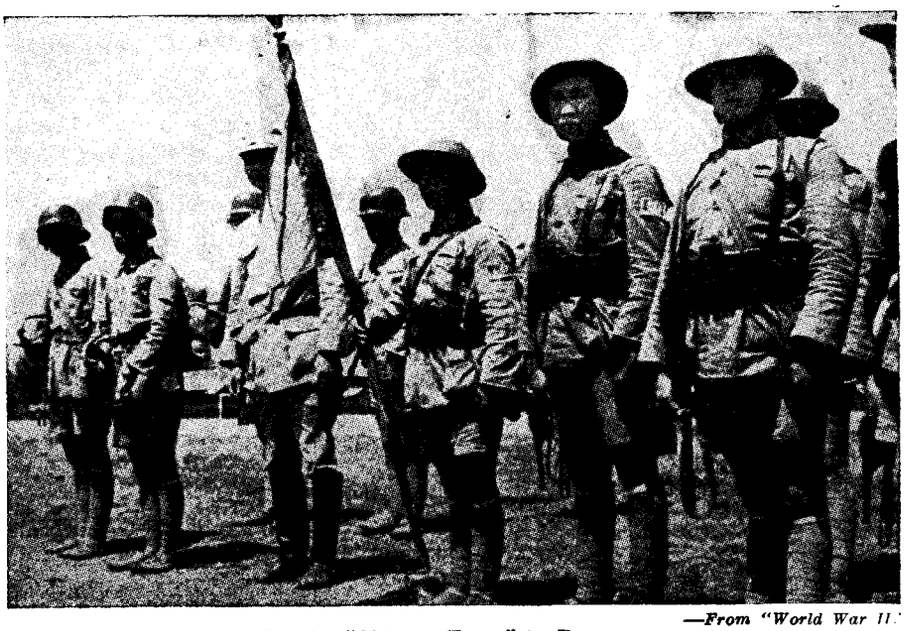
It is pleasant to think of old Ling Tan believing this on his farm near Nanking, and one hopes that news of what has been happening in the past year has filtered through to him. No doubt it has; the "bamboo telephone" works well.

In this book, however, Ling Tan and his wife, Ling Sao, and their two oldest sons, Lao Ta and Lao Er, and the wives of these sons, are only a Greek chorus for the adventures of Lao San, or Lao Three, the youngest son; the tall, immensely strong, fierce boy who has run away to become a guerilla and so eventually has made his way to join the armies of the Generalissimo, to the west and south. There, because of his tallness and his strength and his native intelligence, he has become a trusted leader of men and has been given the name of Sheng. And there, in the city of Kunming where he is stationed, he meets Mayli, the beautiful and occidentalized daughter of what is obviously the Chinese Ambassador to the United States, although this is not definitely stated. Mayli has spent most of her life in America, and has been educated there, and when first come across is more American than Chinese. Driven by a desire to help her own country, she has come back to China and is living with an ancient servant of the family, Liu Ma.

The love story of Mayli and Sheng, the initial fear they have of each other, the initial antagonism due to divergent points of view, the way in which both are molded by the knife of circumstances, is beautifully and movingly done. So too, of course, are all the Chinese characters, small and large; the background; the comings and goings. You feel China and you know it is in the blood and bones of Mrs. Buck. You smell China, and you talk with China, and you eat with China. And that is the way with all Mrs. Buck's books. As a body they add up to a magnificent and classic job in bringing knowledge of China and the Chinese to Americans. Even the neo-Biblical language and the interminable conjunctions and initial adverbs are part of it, and we would not have them otherwise. It is only when one approaches Burma, and especially after one crosses the border, that one begins to become increasingly restless. One feels that perhaps, in the interest of international understanding, Mrs. Buck from now on should dedicate herself a little more to assessing properly her own country and England—their huge and ponderous problems—and in turn, to explaining to the Chinese the English and Americans, both their virtues and their obvious, and now generally admitted, faults.

All Englishmen are not fools and snobs, although unfortunately a good many are, and all Americans are not weak and vacillating, although unfortunately a good many are. The sum total, however, has been fairly heroic and fairly intelligent, and it looks as if it were becoming more so. All men and women learn, sadly enough, largely through experience and that way only; and all nations do the same, only more slowly because they are the sum total of men and women which makes for slowness. After all, it took China a good many centuries before she learned what she so quickly has learned in the past ten years.

And there is this to be said, and it is an ancient rule; if you wish to tell people their failings, and the present is certainly a time for soul-searching and frank talk, it is better always to commend them a little at the same time. Men do not march well toward heaven urged solely by a whip. To the contrary, they are likely to turn sullen and resentful. There is no doubt that the English have been idiots in



—*From "World War II"*

On the "Chinese Front" in Burma.

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their handling of foreigners, and it has by no means been a question entirely of color or of East and West. All you have to do is to cross the channel to France to find out about that, or the Atlantic to Sandy Hook. In sackcloth and ashes the English should mend their manners, and many other things besides. There is also no doubt that Americans have also been idiots, both in this way and in numerous ways. They too should repent in sackcloth and ashes. But unalloyed contempt will help neither.

Sheng marches into Burma at the head of a division and, unknown to him, Mayli marches, too, in command of the women of the Nursing Corps. After awhile they make contact with the fleeing English, with "the American," as Mrs. Buck calls the American general on liaison duty, whose name also is easy to guess, and with the infiltrating, deadly "East Ocean dwarfs." The dreadful, unnecessary, stupid tragedy of the Burmese retreat unrolls. Stupid, because it turned out to be not even "the delaying action" intended, but merely a blow to the prestige and arms of the Allied Cause. The English would have done better to have got clean out of Burma to come back when ready. But then hindsight is easy. Once more, Mrs. Buck is magnificent with her background and her handling of incident and the main story. Nowhere have I come across a more vivid description of Burma, and the Burmese fighting, and especially the Burmese jungle. What a war correspondent Mrs. Buck would be. As a team, and supplementing each other, she and John Steinbeck and Ernie Pyle would shake the world and do more in six months than all the other books and columns can do in a year. I hand this suggestion to the United States Government. It is only in her role as conscious propagandist that I have reservations about Mrs. Buck. She is too acrid, too quick tempered, too absolute, too fierce. Her blacks are too black, her whites too whites. She raises her spiritual voice.

"The Promise" is being fulfilled. Mrs. Buck's first sentence, "In their despair men must hope, when a promise is given, though, it be only a promise," is being answered, and she can delete the final clause. Why anyone should ever have thought otherwise, I do not know, and apparently "the One Above," the Generalissimo, the great Chinese, Chiang Kai-shek, never has. Some things are written in the stars. England and America were asleep. They were incredibly stupid, except for a handful including, notably, their own two great present leaders. But all that is water over the mill. Now it is coming back from the ocean in rain steady and fierce. And the wind is steadily rising. That is what counts.

Meanwhile, "The Promise," for all its virtues, is a lesson in the fact that too direct propaganda in times like these may be antedated almost as it is written. As a story, it is enthralling.

The Coming Decision in Asia

AMERICA AND ASIA. Problems of Today's War and the Peace of Tomorrow. By Owen Lattimore. Claremont, Cal. 1943. 52 *pp.* $1.75.

Reviewed by MARK GAYN

OWEN LATTIMORE is one of this country's most distinguished sinologists. He has spent most of his life in the Orient, has traveled widely in China's borderlands, has written half a dozen notable works. His latest is a booklet containing the texts of two lectures delivered before my *alma mater*—the Claremont Colleges in California.

Provocative as ever, Mr. Lattimore advances these two major theses:

First, we cannot evade the responsibility for Pearl Harbor by blaming the Administration or the Navy. The responsibility falls on each of us, for we had all the facts enabling us to understand the menace hanging over us. It was "we, the people, who refused to fit these facts together and come to a decision."

The Chinese, on the contrary, did know and understand the kind of a world they were living in. "They knew what they were going to have to face well before the Marco Polo Bridge incident of 1937 and they walked up open-eyed and faced it. . . . The Chinese were ahead of us not in knowledge but in political intelligence and political maturity."

Second, the machinery for selecting popular representatives in China, India, and the Philippines is admittedly crude and inefficient, and the leaders are mostly self-selected. But the direction in which these leaders lead their peoples is democratic, "because what gives a Chiang, a Gandhi, a Nehru, a Quezon his power over the minds of millions is his ability to make decisions and indicate courses of action which those millions will support and follow. Unless they continue to make such decisions, the people will not continue to follow them. . ."

Already, the major decisions in Asia are not up to the Occidental nations. "The test of our political sagacity will not be in the decisions that we make, but in the skill and timing with which we accommodate ourselves to major decisions made in Asia by the peoples of Asia."

These are persuasive theses, for much of their texture is true and much else is the synthesis of Mr. Lattimore's rich experience. But as all political theses, they are controversial. Almost every statement he makes evokes a question. For instance:

Has not Mr. Lattimore over-idealized the Chinese in crediting them with great political intelligence and maturity? If, as he says, the Chinese Government knew it would have to fight Japan, was it either intelligent or mature in waging a costly and politically unwise campaign against the Communists as late as December, 1936?

Are the views voiced in General Chiang Kai-shek's "China's Destinies" far-sighted and politically mature?

Is Mr. Lattimore not using loose generalizations when he employs the term "Chinese"? Says he: "One important factor in their resistance was the realization that they were fighting not simply for national survival, and certainly for no selfish advantage, but for issues that affected every people in the world." When he speaks of the unselfishness of the Chinese, does he mean the Shantung farmer who told me early in 1937 that he had not heard of Chiang Kai-shek and that China's greatest man was his own warlord Han Fu-chu? Does he mean farmers in Fukien, Kweichow, Yunnan, Szechuan, Honan? Does he mean the landlords or the shopkeepers? Does he mean the provincial warlords, or even the insular-minded political cliques within the Kuomintang and the Central Government?

But if Mr. Lattimore's term "Chinese" covers only a handful of students, a small band of lawyers and teachers, a few Government leaders, a band of Communists, then his idealization of the Chinese and his criticism of the Americans are no longer valid. In this land too there were thousands who foresaw the tidal wave which the Japanese aggression was to cause throughout the world.

These are all important questions for they have weight on our evaluation of China's performance yesterday, today, and tomorrow, of her economic and political course, of our relations with China in the years to come. To ask them does not reflect on China's important role in the world struggle against aggression. Nor does it detract from the great value and interest of Mr. Lattimore's volume. But they may, through discussion, help to formulate an intelligent opinion on China and on our own position in the Pacific—an intelligent opinion which Mr. Lattimore himself had helped to such a great degree to shape.

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Anglo-Spanish Political Union?

SPAIN. By Salvador de Madariaga. New York: Creative Age Press. 1943. 509 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by TONI STOLPER

WE are fortunate in having brought before us in the space of a few weeks two such brilliant books on the Spanish labyrinth as Gerald Brenan's volume by that title, and now Salvador de Madariaga's somewhat more voluminous "Spain." One of these books is written by an Englishman long resident as a farmer in Spain; the other by a representative Spaniard long resident as a professor in England. It is a rewarding game for the intellectual imagination to ponder in what ways these two authors with backgrounds so different from each other, both at the same time so untypical of their countrymen, treat the identical task before them, which is to give an abstract of Spanish history and a sketch of Spanish social affairs in order to interpret the catastrophic convulsions that Spain is undergoing in our time. The Englishman looks at the Spanish scene from below, from the perspective of the "common man," who here happens to have such uncommon traits; the Spanish intellectual nobleman sees the Spanish problem centered in the devotion and abilities of his own, as yet all too sparse, stratum of Spaniards. As between these two points of view it would seem that even a complete outsider to the Spanish problems should arrive at a rounded picture of that fascinating nation, which for so many generations past has floated in the void so far as the minds of up-to-date Westerners are concerned. It is remarkable in how many points the judgments of these two authors meet on a common ground, equally remarkable how far apart they both are from the run-of-the-mill stories we have been handed so profusely by the factions on either side of the civil war fronts.

Señor Madariaga's Book I, comprising about two-thirds of the whole, reveals the brilliant mind and nimble pen of a connoisseur in matters Spanish. With artistic relish he draws pictures of representative Spaniards and groups of Spaniards and their actions throughout history. Such specimens as the "soldier politician," for instance, to whom Spain owes so many decisive episodes of its destiny, will remain unforgettable after Madariaga has drawn their likeness. The central position which is awarded to the emergence of a small number of enlightened teachers of the young in Madariaga's parent generation, is one of the features in his historical survey most characteristic of his own spirit. Had the patriotic statesmanship of a rapidly widening generation of pupils been allowed to catch up with the galloping events, it is Madariaga's faith that a happy Spain would by now be in the building. He is apparently one of the blatantly anti-materialistic interpreters of history who hold that the quality of men,

Salvador de Madariaga

their minds and characters, is what makes and unmakes them and their groups. From this historical part emerges the vision of a Spain that had been in retreat from the mainstream of Western fate for more than two centuries, but was on the verge of returning to it, well laden with choice wares of the spirit; a nation of manly men, individualistic and headstrong, long frustrated and trained to be one another's enemies, but of unperishable vitality. Here is one of the striking sentences that one likes to read and re-read:

> There is no question that the vitality of the Spanish people is now rising. Precisely because her gifts are not the kind which make for collective and political success in an age like ours, the fact may be obscured that Spain is far stronger and more creative in her life than in her politics and that she counts, and always will count, far more as a people than as a nation and as a nation than as a State.

In Book II, the author noticeably retreats from the high position of detached wisdom through which he lets his reader profit so well in the first part. A book written by a political actor—though mostly acting on the rarified stage of Geneva—in these tragic Spanish years could not, and almost should not, be detached. We would rather feel the warmth of hopes, frustrations, despairs, and renewed hopes coming from such a close observer—provided only that there is the will to fairness and truth. I should think that Madariaga's account of the actors and actions in this tragedy will be much discussed, perhaps primarily by the men nearest to his own position in the center between the maddened and maddening extremists. Madariaga, like Brenan, divides responsibilities between all the extremes on whatever side they do their fateful work. His diagnosis of the civil war is this, that minorities on either side fought their battles over the suffering of a huge majority of anti-civil war Spaniards.

> Both sides were in a hopeless minority within their borders, therefore both sides were bound to be oppressive and violent out of fear.

In tracing the involved lines on which internal and external forces clashed in Spain, he sees one of his chief aims in uprooting the spurious propaganda slogans of either side. According to him, the Spanish civil war was neither a war of the rich against the poor, nor of fascism against communism, nor of rebels against loyalists. He insists that the Loyalists were always surrounded by, and soon had to give way completely to genuine Revolutionists. Naturally he deeply deplores that the Spanish war became overladen by the extraneous interests of non-Spaniards. The breach in the Socialist Party between the Spanish statesmen Prieto and Besteiro, and the allies of the Russian Communists, Largo Caballero, Negrin, del Vayo, *et al.*, to him designates the point on which the Spanish conflict was falsified and prolonged into a sideshow of the brewing European catastrophe. The re-entry of Spain into the European mainstream thus tragically was consummated at a time of the utmost European infelicity.

In a concluding chapter "On the Edge of the Future," Madariaga outlines his vision of hope:

> a solid Anglo-Spanish political union amounting almost to a Federation . . . a strongly built Atlantic system based on the quadrilateral Great Britain-U. S. A.-South America-Spain (and Portugal).

Besides this dim vista, the chapter on Spanish Americanism, and the frequent references to matters of the Western hemisphere should be of special interest to American readers.

WAR BONDS SAVE:
BLOOD SWEAT
TEARS

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Redemption of a Continent

THE END IN AFRICA. By Alan Moorehead. New York: Harper & Bros. 1943. 269 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by FREDERICK GRUIN

AUSTRALIAN-born Alan Moorehead, correspondent for London's *Daily Express,* went to Rome when World War II broke out. He is now in southern Italy with the Allied armies, still a correspondent for the *Express,* and getting nearer every day to his old post on the Tiber. Few journalists have followed events in the Mediterranean theatre so long, so closely, so understandingly. His first two books, "Mediterranean Front" and "Don't Blame the Generals," and now "The End in Africa" stamp him as one of the most lucid and literary reporters of contemporary history.

In his third book Mr. Moorehead surveys the third and final year of the African campaign. It was a year, he says regretfully, in which the "simpler values" of the battlefront vanished in "an imbroglio of politics and warfare." Out of that confusion he plucked two conclusions: "we succeeded militarily . . . and failed politically." Mr. Moorehead is a well-seasoned observer; his opinion should count heavily against those who maintain that expediency aided, rather than delayed and diluted, the defeat of the Axis in Africa.

In journeying from Alamein to Tunis, Mr. Moorhead did not travel with the Eighth Army. He got there via Durban, New York, London, and Algiers—and a mellow, fascinating trip he makes of it. He left Egypt about the time General Auchinleck stopped Marshal Rommel between the Mediterranean and the Qattara Depression. It was to be a brief vacation. Aboard the ex-luxury liner *Zola,* he sailed through the Red Sea's heat, down the Indian Ocean, around Africa and into the Atlantic. Below deck there were Nazi prisoners, guarded part of the time by Poles, who would, if need be, kill Germans "with the same passionless coldness with which a surgeon cuts an ulcer." The vacationist found New York unreal and unhealthy, confused and cynical; he discovered London, after a long absence, to be alive and healthy, "clear-cut and definite," undergoing a "renaissance."

Almost before he could plumb his first superficial impressions of Britain and America, Mr. Moorehead was bound for French North Africa, where exhilarating and disquieting things were happening. His story of the trip by corvette and destroyer is a gem of narrative. In North Africa the correspondent came up hard against two things: First, he realized that the Allied Governments were completely misinformed on the strength of Gaullism—"De Gaulle might not be the ideal leader but his name stood for something . . . a sort of trade-mark for liberty." Second, he developed an aversion to Algiers—it had an "overriding atmosphere of suspicion and bickering argument, . . . rows over censorship and transmission, and above everything the feeling that the intrigues . . . were a mean and petty betrayal of the men at the front who were fighting for something quite different."

There are ironical shadings in Mr. Moorehead's account of young Bonnet de la Chapella, who assassinated Admiral Darlan, then said, "They will not shoot me—I have liberated France," then suffered execution twenty-four hours after his act. General Giraud sits for a sharp portrait—"devout, rigidly conservative, . . . a cultivated and severe man who abhors lawlessness in anything—in appearance, in manner, in behavior or in thinking."

From headquarters at Thibar, a village in a fertile Tunisian valley, the correspondent covered the end of the African campaign. Most of the fighting he records is an old story now, but he warms and freshens it with mellow writing. The Arab and

A tank column of the Allied Fifth Army, which played such a conspicuous part in the North African campaign, takes time out en route to battle.

French villagers, the Yanks and Tommies in their lines atop the stark hills, all pass in vivid review: "Heavens, how the politics of Algiers stank in this exuberant atmosphere." Mr. Moorehead's analysis of Montgomery's and Alexander's generalship is neat and pointed; they borrowed much from Wavell and they had a lot more men and material than World War II's first conqueror of Cyrenaica. Mr. Moorehead's battle stories, from Kasserine Pass to Cape Bon are masterly. He surely is one of our best book-writing correspondents.

Fishing and Cormorants

SUCH INTERESTING PEOPLE. By Robert J. Casey. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1943. 347 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HAROLD PHELPS STOKES

GETTING out a newspaper is something like fishing with cormorants, as brought to a fine art in the Orient. The publisher supplies the boat and sends out his hungry and ungainly birds to catch the fish in the stream of news that passes by. At first the cub-like cormorants have to have rings around their necks to make sure they don't swallow the fish. But after a while, the natural history books tell us, it becomes second nature to them to come back to the boat and disgorge the fish they have caught, and they don't need rings any more. So Casey and his fellow-reporters the world over.

These that Casey has brought up for us are not very large or important fish. He has not walked into the palace at Versailles arm-in-arm with Lloyd George to see the peace treaty handed to the Germans, or asked the exiled monarch at Paris if the king business wasn't pretty well played out, or even corresponded on intimate terms with Joseph Stalin. Such stirring events as he has witnessed—the Battle of Midway, for example, and the take-off of the American fliers for Tokyo—he has described elsewhere ("Torpedo Junction").

"The majority of newspapermen meet more policemen than grand dukes," he insists, and his book is concerned with that majority—and sometimes those policemen. "The oddments of history presented here have not been altered in any way from the form in which they now find circulation in the trade," he adds with candor. Between assignments he has simply relaxed for a time to do a little random reminiscing, and to tell a few tales of the trade which might indeed suffer from more laborious research.

Many of these "interesting people"

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he met, as might be expected, in the city rooms of various Chicago newspapers, where legends blend happily with history, and a certain scope and color have been accorded to reportorial habit and enterprise which Casey has sought to recover before it is altogether lost to the history of our times. But there are also between his gay covers stories of Houston and of Broadway, of farmers with pitchforks and molls with guns, of floods on the Ohio and shenanigans on the Nile.

Not all his stories are equally memorable. Old hands will relish "Ten Cents for Wolf Bane," the saga of a truly Homeric expense account. And the one about the sports writer on the old Paris *Herald Tribune* who hammered out his humble gossip column in that deserted city room day after day, long after the German occupation, dutifully hanging it on the departed city editor's spike—if that yarn ("Sparrow Robertson Against the Reich") is even founded on fact it deserves to become a classic of its kind, and to be held in grateful memory of all his faithful fellows—"sparrows" and cormorants alike.

"Photographer and Publisher"

FORTS AND FIRESIDES OF THE MOHAWK COUNTRY. By John J. Vrooman. Philadelphia: Compiled and published by Elijah Ellsworth Brownell. 1943. 266 *pp.* $10.

Reviewed by CARL CARMER

TO say of a book that it is "obviously a labor of love" is to damn it with a cliché. Hence, because this volume is to be treasured, I have sought, without success, to find another way of beginning my review. Pick it up, glance through it, and you will know that writer and publisher alike were motivated not by a dream of material profits but by a deep and abiding affection for the Mohawk and its wide and gentle valley.

I say "writer and publisher" when perhaps I should say "photographer and publisher," for this is a picture book, documented by historical studies and Mr. Vrooman is responsible for both the illustrations and the text.

The book surprises by the amount of material it contains. If the ghosts of the Johnsons, the Schuylers, the Van Rensselaers, still wander the valley, and there are many to bear witness that they do, they need not lose their way for want of landmarks known to them when they inhabited bodies of flesh and bone. It must have taken Mr. Vrooman many years, years of planning on the most effective camera-angles, years of waiting for lights and shadows, to have collected so beautiful a group of photographs as these. Here is General Nicholas Herkimer's house, sitting in bright sun as many a latter-day traveler has seen it for a few seconds, framed by a train window. Guy Park, Johnson Hall, "The Flatts" (farm home of the Van Rensselaers) and scores of other homes built in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, somewhow survived the destructive and cruel days of the Revolution, to be pictured here in the shaded peace and security that now dwell upon the river even in these days of war. Missionary Samuel Kirkland's tiny cottage sits on the Hamilton College campus, summit of the hill on which its builder established his little school for Indian boys of the Six Nations. The Reformed Dutch Church of Stone Arabia, with its graceful frame steeple rising from ivy-clad stone walls is still a Sunday shrine for dwellers in the valley.

The research that went into this volume has been prodigious. With the photograph of each house, fort, or public building Mr. Vrooman presents its story as he has found it in historical records and manuscripts. He must have searched countless possible sources to lay before us such complete accounts.

As publisher Mr. Brownell has done an equally lavish and affectionate job. The book is beautifully printed on paper of a quality not often seen since rationing began. The photographs are clearly reproduced and the design of the volume as a whole has evidently been considered with care.

Some natives of middle and western New York are wont to say that on returning from foreign parts they need no road-signs to tell them they have crossed the boundary of the home-state. There is a different feeling, they say, once you are among your own sacred hills. To these people the acquiring of this book will come as naturally as the inheriting of the family Bible. I prophesy that it will be given and received and traded during the Christmas season until practically every up-state house has a copy for the living-room table. All lovers of Americana and delvers in American history as well will delight in its pictorial and literary record of the days when the rhythm of the war-drums rode the valley winds.

—From the book

Governor Yates's Home, Schenectady.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 26

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. The solution to Crypt No. 26 will be found in the next issue.

HKBFPCHA KW FMBHLBQKFA

MBP DBKXMXRL FKAH EPPCRL

WPRH XL HZP XLAHMCQPBA.

—PFPBAKC—VKNBMSP.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 25

MESMERISM IS HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS. MOMUS PLAYING JOVE IN THE KITCHENS OF OLYMPUS.

—EMERSON—DEMONOLOGY.

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Washday in Washington

Monday, December 6, was washday in the House of Representatives. Our vigilant legislators discovered that a minor official of the War Relocation Authority in Ohio had written an article inviting Japanese internees to come to the Middle West to relieve the farm labor shortage, and at the same time give the natives a few lessons in bathing. This dastardly New Deal slur upon our deep-rooted instinct for bathing; this sinister suggestion that our plumbing isn't all that it ought to be; and the implication that some people—let alone Japanese-Americans—bathe more often than Middle-Western farmers, was deeply resented. Before you could turn off the faucet, a half dozen patriots were shouting for recognition on the floor of the House and thumping the tub for old-fashioned patriotism.

Representative Clare Boothe Luce, however, beat the boys to the draw by granting an interview before the debate. When seen by a reporter for a local newspaper, this pioneer woman Representative from the hog-and-hominy district of Greenwich, Connecticut, was smoking a clay pipe and slowly stirring the makings of a hoe-cake in the ashes for her frugal meal. Drawling her words and occasionally kicking at the houn'-dawgs that affectionately nuzzled up to her, Mrs. Luce said:

> It cannot fail to anger Middle-Western farmers to be told on the second anniversary of the blood bath at Pearl Harbor that the Japanese have a great contribution to make to their way of living by teaching them to bathe in water. This is an unhappy example of blundering New Deal bureaucracy that can only do great harm to our loyal, American-born Japanese and help to defeat the good purpose for which the WRA was formed.

The Honorable Fred L. Crawford (R. Mich.), less emotional than Mrs. Luce, but more deadly, resorted to a withering fire of statistics. He proved not only that the American way of life is superior to that of the Japanese, but also that when it comes to bathing—especially as it is practised in Siawasee County—the Michigan way is superior to the run-of-the-mine American way. Thousands of Michigan farm homes, he said, have "inside running water, flush toilets, and bath tubs or showers. So where does the War Relocation Authority get the idea Michigan farmers need anyone to talk sanitation to them?" In the deep silence that followed his masterful and convincing summing up of the tortuously complex situation, you could have heard a cliché drop. Then he concluded by denouncing "New Deal slurmongers" and asking that the author of the scandalous article "be called before the Appropriations Committee to explain his philosophy. . . ."

Representative Crawford, stout-hearted though he is, is nonetheless something of an amateur. He was followed by Representative Clare Hoffman (R. Mich.) who, lest there be any doubt about his qualifications as an expert on dirt, edified the House and the country by reciting his qualifications. He began by telling the members how he had taken his first bath in "an old wooden washtub"; how he had progressed to the "galvanized-iron washtub;" and "finally, when mother and father got enough money we had a stove with a reservoir in the back and we heated the water there." Back in those days, when young Hoffman was first learning about dirt, folks did not have "Sweetheart soap, which was supposed to be advertised by the First Lady of the Land. . . ." They made their own soap, before Sweetheart came along, out of lye, fats, and ashes, and, said this authority, "if you really want to get the dirt off get a handful of good home-made old-fashioned soft soap." The House is doubtless grateful for this household hint.

Once a man begins to indulge in warming reminiscences of his sunny youth, there is no telling where his thoughts may stray, and it is not surprising, therefore, to find that Mr. Hoffman's reminiscing should lead him to attack Walter Winchell and Harry Hopkins; to say that President Roosevelt had failed to take proper precautions at Pearl Harbor; and to wonder how it is that the manufacturers of Jergen's Lotion "expect the people of Ohio and Michigan to buy a product advertised by Winchell." His peroration measured up in every way to the distinction of the main body of his address: "There are none better; none cleaner physically, morally, spiritually, than the folks of the Midwest. . . . I cannot get excited about being charged with not taking a bath. If I do not take a bath you know it."

Other good men and true came to the aid of their hard-pressed country on this day of fateful debate. Among them was Senator Wheeler (D. Mont.)

Speaking on the eve of the anniversary of Pearl Harbor, this statesman who vainly tried to keep us out of the squabbles of the Old World, took all America to his great heart and spoke on behalf of all farmers including even those who cannot vote in Montana. He viewed the suggestion of the WRA as "an insult to the farmers of the country, whether they are in the West, Middle West, or any other section." This trenchant statement was in keeping with the Senator's usual broad-gauged point of view, and it won the general approbation of the capital.

Michigan returned again to the fray in the person of Representative Dingell who spoke with moving simplicity of the cleanly habits of his farmer constituency. Measuring every word that he uttered, lest his remarks be misinterpreted by a venal press, he said: "As far as I know, the only dirt Michigan farmers have on them is the dirt of the soil after a good honest day's toil. At the end of the day they bathe and get rid of it."

It remained, however, for Mr. Ramey of Ohio to make the telling point of the drama-packed debate. In the slur upon the bathing habits of Middle-Western farmers, he observed the sinister shadows of dictatorship:

"The tragedy of it is," he told the House, "that these hard-working taxpayers of Ohio are paying taxes to support this so-called expert while their own sons are fighting to save us from such grotesque dictatorship."

Yet it must be said that, such is the state of our spiritual degeneration, only a handful of the guardians of our liberties in the House manfully arose to protect them. The others were content to let the slur go unresented, and to permit this latest evidence of New Deal dictatorship to remain unchallenged while they read the newspapers, gossiped in the cloakrooms, or attended committee meetings. The result is that in all probability, nothing will be done to assuage the injury and humiliation which the farmers of the Middle West—indeed all farmers, as Senator Wheeler pointed out with such vision—have suffered at the hands of a bureaucrat who has never followed a horse down a turnrow. Only the passage of time will bring healing and forgetfulness.

It is nonetheless heartening to record that a saving remnant stood firm, and in the midst of a global war, on the day of the report of the Teheran conference, they stopped the proceedings of the House to make it clear that no one can say that our farmers don't bathe and get away with it unchallenged. So long as we have such men in public life, so long will the Republic stagger along.

DAVID COHN.

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The Ten Against Hitler

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS. Ten Short Novels of Hitler's War Against the Moral Code. Edited by Armin L. Robinson. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1943. 488 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by F. C. WEISKOPF

THERE is one commandment against which no anthologist should ever sin, namely: thou shalt not start out with an abstract idea for an anthology and then go and get a number of famous writers to supply the flesh and blood so to say "to order." . . .

Mr. Armin L. Robinson has sinned against this commandment, and therefore, in spite of having the seducing idea that "Hitlerism is in the final analysis a war against the moral code crystallized in the Ten Commandments," and in spite of banding together ten such world-famous authors as Thomas Mann, Rebecca West, Franz Werfel, John Erskine, Bruno Frank, Jules Romains, André Maurois, Sigrid Undset, Hendrik Willem van Loon, and Louis Bromfield, the result of his editorial efforts has been a synthetic book in the unhappy sense of this word. The only strong link holding his anthology together seems to be the pair of solid cloth book covers, and not even they prevented this reviewer from getting the impression that the whole book was falling apart because of the utter heterogeneousness of the ten stories it is composed of.

This does not mean that these stories are altogether bad or meaningless. Two are even brilliant. There is, first, Thomas Mann's portrait of Moses, one of those splendid novelettes which in this reviewer's opinion represent the very essence of Mr. Mann's literary art. But the story of Moses has nothing whatsoever to do with the basic idea of the anthology. It is, quite obviously, a precious by-product of Thomas Mann's preoccupation with the biblical material used for the work on his Joseph tetralogy; so precious and perfect a byproduct indeed, that in reading it, one is tempted to imagine what delights might have been in store for an admirer of Mr. Mann's shorter prose works, had the author chosen to write the legend of Joseph in the way he did that of Moses, that is on seventy pages, instead of letting the narrative grow into four huge volumes with nearly three thousand pages.

Then there is Sigrid Undset's picture of the brutish, obscene, sadistic, and yet ridiculous Nazi invaders in Norway, drawn with power and scorn—the only story of the whole lot which seems to have been born out of genuine emotion rather than of the skill and experience of a virtuoso who can afford to do a *coup-de-force* job. This precisely, is the case with the well rounded and neatly varnished stories of André Maurois, Louis Bromfield, and Jules Romains. The five remaining stories just do not stick at all or they leave you with a stale aftertaste of routine, confusion, and convulsive effort. (It is a pity that Franz Werfel and Rebecca West seem to have considered this anthology a sort of thrift store to get rid of some odds-and-ends stuff.)

We are told, in a note on the jacket, that the editor "first conceived the basic idea" of the anthology "in a conversation with Herman Rauschning" who was consequently asked to contribute a preface to the book. Perhaps this is the reason why (to remain within the realm of biblical expression) the whole venture remained unblessed, for, wasn't there a city and state of Danzig where human dignity and the Moral Code were trampled down, and —ironically enough—booksellers sent to concentration camps for selling works of authors like Thomas Mann, Franz Werfel, Bruno Frank, Jules Romains, and others, by a Nazi regime set up with the active coöperation of Herman Rauschning?

Americans and Spiritual Health

WHAT THE AMERICAN FAMILY FACES. Edited by Leland Foster Wood and John W. Mullen. Chicago: The Eugene Hugh Publishers, Inc. 1943. 254 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by BONARO W. OVERSTREET

THIS book is a conference-in-print: the text of discussions held during a conference on family life that was conducted in Chicago, in August, 1942, under the combined sponsorship of the Commissions on Religion and Health and on Marriage and the Home of the Federal Council of Churches, the Divinity School of the University of Chicago, and other theological schools and local church councils in the Chicago area.

The peculiar significance of the Conference—and therefore of the material collected here—lies in the fact that it represents a practical effort on the part of Protestant ministers to equip themselves and their churches to come to grips with the total complex of problems that play upon the spiritual health of the modern parish family. It is based upon a frank recognition of the fact that the religious confusions of twentieth-century man can in nowise be separated from all the other confusions—domestic, economic, sexual, communal—that threaten his emotional stability. A healthy faith in God is not something that exists in splendid isolation; rather, it is part of the whole confidence-design that animates a healthy life. And even a faith in God can become a twisted sort of thing in the life of a person whose everyday human relationships are twisted by animosity, loneliness, and fear.

Whoever sets out to read this book should give more than cursory attention to the Table of Contents; for it is there that he will find the general outline that gives significant unity to all the separate papers and panel discussions. The range of topics covered is impressive—and the handling of them is, in almost every instance, gratifyingly practical and down-to-earth. The types of emotional security that a child should experience within the family; the impact of war upon family life; the importance of economic security to emotional security; the relationship between the modern family and the modern community; needs of different age groups; the role of religion in emotional security; the role of the church in relation to the family; problems of education for family living; premarital counseling as a church function—all of these topics, and many others, are so handled that not only ministers and people engaged in religious education but also intelligent laymen, teachers, and parents can derive practical benefit from considering them. I myself finished my reading of the book with a feeling that I had equipped myself with a whole new set of psychological tools for our unfinished task of society-building.

If the multiple complexities of modern life are a too-high wall from which the average individual has made a disastrous Humpty-Dumpty tumble, then such religious, educational, and psychiatric leaders as were gathered in the Chicago conference may do far more than all the king's horses and all the king's men to reintegrate the pieces of the splintered individual.

BUY
WAR BONDS
and STAMPS

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(*Continued from page 5*)

great part of this group of records is not even concerned with nonexistent events or persons, but only with the symbols themselves, whose interpretation or misinterpretation seems to give pleasure for its own sake. Naturally nothing much has come of this. But certain individuals, as the more intelligent among them have pointed out, acquire distinction by becoming more incomprehensible than others. And this has reached such a point that many believe that it is inexpedient to make clear signals."

"It cannot be denied that they have curiosity. The same trait is to be observed in less complex organisms. But this curiosity seems concerned rather with what is desirable than with what is true. Often they do not desire to discover truth, if the knowledge involves discomfort. Thus though they dread the fact of extinction (which in no way inhibits their pleasure in extinguishing life), they make a great fuss about a condition of never being extinguished at all. This condition they express by the symbol 'immortality.' Whole systems of thought have grown up around this symbol. And believers in one system extirpate believers in another with incredible satisfaction. Though this statement seems to be self-contradictory, it is nevertheless true."

"One of their occupations, which may cause surprise, is a peculiar type of record, once a source of great pleasure but now in eclipse. In this type the vibrations are delivered in a strongly rhythmical or accented manner, whose purpose I was unable to discover. To this rhythm some of them are highly sensitive. The oldest and most admired example of the rhythmical records is an incomprehensible affair. It is concerned with an event. An individual of one of the two structural orders removed an individual of the other structural order from that individual's natural environment. The consequences of this act were incredible. A thousand of the buoyant devices on which they are accustomed to traverse liquid masses were loaded with individuals fully equipped to extinguish life. They extinguished a great deal of life indeed and after ten revolutions of the planet in its orbit succeeded in returning the individual who had been removed to the original environment."

"In spite of its preoccupation with the extinction of life, the rhythmical form of record appears to have done less harm than the other kinds."

"As this report is being put together, an unusually violent mass-extinction of life is gathering momentum. It appears to have been set going by one individual whose taste and talent for the occupation are out of the ordinary. Even by their standards the creature does not seem to be otherwise remarkable. Several of the physicists are clearly in every way superior. But the circumstance forces me reluctantly to this conclusion:

"The enterprise must be abandoned for the present. Any attempt at this time to interest them in the useful and agreeable is out of the question. The object of the mission is impossible of attainment. Perhaps later something can be done about them. This is my professional opinion."

"P. S. What a pleasure it will be to consider the horizons of Saturn. On a planet with only one satellite. I have almost forgotten what it is to be under our gorgeous belt of soft and radiant light. Give my sympathy to the Chief of the Interplanetary Communications Service. My report will disappoint the office."

Whatever is to be thought of these quotations, there is no doubt that they were set down by the hand of the Bukharest dancing girl Zara Michael, who for a twelve month drove her public and her manager insane in two different manners. The pencil was still in that hand when the great Sam and I broke down the door of the room, simpler than any nun's, where she had remained utterly silent, despite our pleading, for eighteen hours. Dementia praecox is the least attractive of mental diseases. And the screen world was easily persuaded by this explanation of the extinction of a star. The case was unique, the only instance of a fulminating type known to me in a fairly rich experience. But I have since wondered, as I have considered other sufferers, whether the fixed attitude suggestive of primitive burial, the withdrawn, wholly inward look, are symptoms in the ordinary sense of that word. Can it be that these appearances are due to invasions by outer powers, which the simple human intellect is not able to sustain, rather than to what we too easily call disease. If such invasions indeed take place what is to protect the reader or the writer of this sentence from what overtook Zara Michael. It may even be that our brightest and our best are being used to purposes they cannot conceive by forces they never imagined. The hypothesis may be mad. It would not be more pleasant for that reason, if it should prove to be correct.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

SOME FAMOUS SIMILES

In case you have forgotten your rhetoric, a simile is a figure of speech in which one thing is likened to something of a different kind. Below are 20 samples from famous poems. Can you remember what is being compared? Allowing 5 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 19.

1. Who seemed like some young cypress, tall, and dark, and straight?
2. What twinkled like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled?
3. What is like a red, red rose?
4. What came down like a wolf on the fold?
5. Who comes like any Turk and bangs me most severely?
6. Who listens like a three-years' child?
7. What, like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face, lighting a little hour or two, was gone?
8. What was rich and like a lily in bloom?
9. Who seemed a splendid angel, newly dressed, save wings, for heaven?
10. What things come like the benediction that follows after prayer?
11. What shook like a bowl full of jelly?
12. What is like those Nicaean barks of yore?
13. What, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along?
14. What was like a little feather fluttering far down the gulf?
15. What swells like the Solway but ebbs like its tide?
16. What things are driven like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing?
17. What are deep as first love, and wild with all regret?
18. Who, like a well-conducted person, went on cutting bread and butter?
19. What, on silver sandaled feet, crept like a frightened girl?
20. What now doth like a garment wear the beauty of the morning?

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The Saturday Review
of Literature
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PROPORTION AND THE PRESS

FUTURE historians, reviewing the records of the Cairo and Teheran conferences, may be somewhat startled to find that the newspapers reporting and evaluating those momentous meetings were apparently more concerned about the mechanics of making public the official announcements than they were about the events themselves or their meaning. Leaders of the largest governments of the United Nations had finally come together and had issued a series of historic and long-overdue declarations, but most of the newspapers were so preoccupied with their prerogatives that they apparently lost both their balance and sense of proportion in their handling of the story.

It appears that American editors were handed confidential advance reports of the scheduled meetings of President Roosevelt, Prime Minister Winston Churchill, and Premier Joseph Stalin. A news release date was given and the papers were requested to withhold all information concerning the forthcoming conference before the specified time. It is true that the editors scrupulously avoided direct mention of the meetings beforehand, but they fell all over themselves in competing with one another in a sort of front-page strip tease in trying to let the customers in on the news without actually coming out with it. Day after day the hints continued, with stories of "impending" meetings and with references to "great secrets coming out of great meetings," etc. Judged purely on the basis of this now-you-see-it-now-you-don't approach to confidential information of the highest importance, the newspapers were hardly in a position to become so self-righteously indignant and to exhibit their hurts so conspicuously when the real story broke prematurely outside the country.

This is not to condone the inexplicable and stupid error which permitted Reuters to cable news of the meeting a day before the story had been authorized for release. Nor was the premature radio announcement in Moscow concerning the Big Three meeting defensible in the light of the psychological warfare requirements of the United Nations. But even making due allowances for the inept and careless official handling of the announcements which permitted haphazard early news breaks; even making due allowances for the consequent weakening of the propaganda impact that would have come with a surprise announcement made simultaneously all over the world—the fact still remains that all this bungling of the news was after all a relatively unimportant side issue.

The major issue, the dominant and overwhelming issue, was that one of the great events in all history had just taken place. For many months millions of people all over the world recognized that, regardless of what had gone before, regardless of past contradictions and past grievances, the time had come for the largest governments in the United Nations to settle on some broad pattern of understanding, present and future. It took no political and military seer to recognize that Germany's entire strategy was keyed to the attempted separation of America and Great Britain from Russia; that the only remaining hope for Nazism was to buy off or fend off either East or West and then throw in everything against the other. Nazi propaganda virtually admitted this in its short-wave radio appeals to the peoples of East and West: to the Russians, the Germans appealed for a common front against the corrupt capitalist West: to the Americans and British, the Germans appealed for a common front against the corrupt Communist East. Whatever their lack of subtlety or finesse, the Nazis were playing to forces existing in both Allied and Russian camps which distrusted or disliked the other. They knew that the stronger these forces became, the stronger and heavier became the deadweight on our hopes for victory, to say nothing of our hopes for lasting peace. Thus the shattering need for a common declaration by America, Britain, Russia. Thus the tremendous importance for Roosevelt, Churchill, and Stalin finally to come together to explore the real meanings and imperatives of a common cause.

It is too bad that too many American newspapers, as well as too many American radio correspondents and commentators, allowed their professional frustrations to get in the way of real news. N. C.

Black Jordan

By David Schubert

A SPRIG of lilac in his hair brought May
Into the winter night. I saw the tree
Blossom, heart shaped leaves and white air in the subway.
I saw the tree, the roots were far away.

I heard two aisles to the right a harmonica
Arise from two boys playing poker; I saw it lead
Moses, very gently, steel reed teeth asmilin' say,
"Moses come down from the Red Sea to 135th Street!"

He said, "If you inhale at all brother, I know
You must breathe paradise: pores, lips, mouth and eye."
The whole town was, like this, with Jesus. "Moses,
Let my people go! Dray horse, coal cart, road,—living to die."

I heard that scarecrow lutanist of spring
Beside a Christmas tree with cotton battin' snow
Lead Moses, ancient darky, swallow tailed. I heard him sing,
—A smile of kindness hands and face—"Oppressed, I'll tell old Pharoah"

A sprig of lilac in his hair brought May
To brown stone houses bent and broken, brown faces bent and broken
Waiting by the street. I saw the tree, color of wet, blown hay.
Color of Egypt land. It is the word not spoken

Creates the earth which is the map they tread—
A cabin, second hemlock growth, laughter
Playing behind the apple tree gone to seed:
Whispers meet whispers in the silence coming after.

I heard bold Moses say, "Smite your first born dead!"
It was the tree, yes. But it was broken.
The lilac tree, New England lilac, yielding to sumac, bled.
The lutanist unheard, the lilac disappeared, the word unspoken.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"The Growth of American Thought"

SIR: The publication of Merle Curti's "The Growth of American Thought," a pioneer work in its field, the first general history of thought in the United States from the seventeenth century to the twentieth, is an event in American historiography. Your readers have a special interest in such news but could not learn it from the strange article by Dean Gauss in your issue of October 30. This book is the fruit of many years of careful and thorough study both of the rapidly growing monographic literature and of a wide range of primary sources, often of a kind little used by historians. The excellent bibliography of more than sixty pages is unique. The author, who has held professorships at Smith College and Columbia University, now at the University of Wisconsin, author of numerous articles and books, is regarded by scholars as a foremost authority in the cultural history of the United States. Only a special student in the field could realize the difficulties and complexities of selection, interpretation, and synthesis in such an undertaking or fully appreciate Mr. Curti's impressive achievement.

Such a statement as this is due your readers, for Dean Gauss's article is in no proper sense a review, since it tells nothing significant about the book, but with curious ill-humor expresses phobias of his own, doubtless admirable, but entirely irrelevant, in that views are attributed to Mr. Curti which he does not hold. On this point I can speak with assurance, because Mr. Curti at Columbia University was my Department colleague, close associate in discussing courses and problems, my collaborator for a year in a graduate seminar in American cultural history. He is in no sense a disciple of Spengler, whom he mentions but once, in part of a sentence, in his book. Lamprecht was one of many historians who urged that the field of historiography should extend beyond the narrowly political to the economic, social, literary, artistic and intellectual aspects of life. Mr. Curti, in a few paragraphs of his Introduction, mentions seventeen historians, including Lamprecht (not mentioned elsewhere in the book) who promoted the study and writing of social and cultural history in the late nineteenth and twentieth centuries. How is it possible to infer from this allusion that Mr. Curti subscribes to the peculiar Lamprecht views recited by Mr. Gauss, or that he is "the champion of a new school" based on theories set forth by the German more than a generation ago.

Equally far-fetched are the inferences drawn by Dean Gauss from a very mild psychological speculation about one influence acting on Woodrow Wilson in 1917—that Mr. Curti "goes out of his way to explain in terms of the moral delinquency of a President" America's entry into the First World War. The passage does not impute moral delinquency nor vilify the dead, nor state the cause of our declaration of war. There is the charge of "cultural chauvinism," in part based on a verbal quibble over "American science" *vs.* "scientific activity in America." It would be hard to find any one less a chauvinist in any sense of the word. Certainly he views America as part of Western civilization and has much to say of our cultural debt, in science and otherwise, to the Old World. The use of "Growth" in the title of the book carries no grotesque implication that "geographic areas secrete civilizations and systems of thought as the liver secretes bile," but merely adopts the concept of development that has been basic in the changing historiography of the past half century.

J. MONTGOMERY GAMBRILL.

"You see, I want to sell one!"

The Incurable Controversy

SIR: Dr. Barnes's militant defiance of the six critics who would question his statements on German history brings to mind a more or less prophetic statement the distinguished historian made on a July evening, 1940.

On this occasion, addressing informally a small group of college men, he declared his positive conviction that Germany would soon be in London, "probably by Labor Day"; that thereafter Europe under Germany's tender tutelage would settle down to a placid period of "bread and circuses"; and that consequently the Western Hemisphere could then go on its own sweet way unmolested.

Asked how the immediate throwing of American naval strength into the balance might affect such outcome, he replied with some asperity that it would be about as though the assembled group should throw their "jack-knives" in.

As Mr. Churchill might say: *"Some jack-knife!"*

But to change the subject somewhat: Isn't it a bit curious to measure, as Mr. Barnes seems to do, a nation's "warlike activities and proclivities" by the number of years that nation has been at war in a given time?

By that test it would seem that China has, for example, within the last decade, exhibited more than twice the warlike activities and proclivities of Germany. And Germany and Norway showed equal warlike "proclivities" in April of 1940. Remember? Beginning April 10, they were both at war three weeks.

W. L. KEENE.

Richmond, Kentucky.

SIR: The men in Germany's concentration camps are the men who should frame a new government for Germany, for they are the men who will come out of this war with honor, the men who have dared to act and to speak against a Germany in power which denied its people the Four Freedoms which we are promising the world through the Atlantic Charter. If this is not the answer to the German problem then history belies itself, for the progress of man to civilization has repeatedly taken a great jump forward as the result of a code of laws which ensured members of the human race the right of individual consideration and not mass indictment and suppression.

New York. EMILIE M. KUSSIN.

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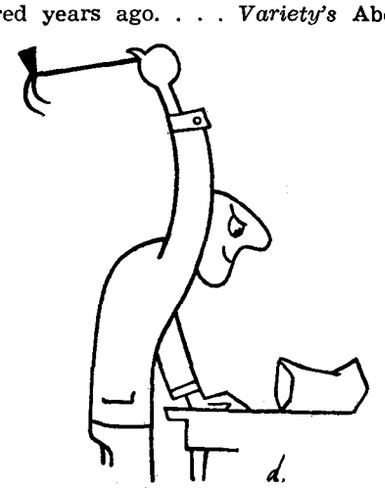
TRADE Winds

GOSSIP FROM PUBLISHERS' ROW

HENRY HOLT AND CO., already operating without Bill Sloane's liniment, face a further personnel shortage through Keith Jemison's impending induction into the armed services. Al Leventhal and Tom Bevans, both of S. and S., have also received greetings direct from the President. . . . The poster for Carole Landis's forthcoming "Four Jills in a Jeep," reading "Only Two Good Things Have Come from Hollywood in the Past Year—and Carole Landis Has Both of Them," will go no further than the Random House censorship department. . . . A recent Government spy round-up terminated under-cover operations of Messrs. K. and A. Stoller, alleged proprietors of a garbage disposal plant in New Jersey. Brothers Ashcan-Nazi, in a manner of speaking. . . . Fraser Young, *The SRL* literary cryptographer, is getting a lot of fan-mail these days, most of it addressed to "mister." Trade Winds has reason to suspect that "Fraser Young" is not only one female, but two—and very beautiful, as cryptographers go. . . . "Cross Section," the collection of new American writing which Edwin Seaver is editing for L. B. Fischer, will contain, among its forty novelettes, Richard Wright's "The Man Who Lived Underground," his first fiction since "Native Son." . . . Little, Brown will publish Ilona Sue's book about China, "Shark's Fins and Millet," on January 19. The unusual title refers to the extremes of food in China: shark's fins for the wealthy; humble millet for the masses. . . . Dr. Randolph Ray, rector of the famous Little Church Around the Corner, has written a book called "Marriage Is a Serious Business," which will be published by Whittlesey House. . . . Other books likely to turn up in the Spring lists are authored respectively by Ellin Berlin, Bob Hope, Gene Tunney, Peter Arno, and Jean Hersholt. Even Tommy Manville is threatening to write his memoirs; "The More the Marrier" has been suggested for a title. The only man, in fact, who does *not* seem to be writing anything at all is the persuasive party who wangled a three-thousand-dollar advance from me a year ago last June. . . .

DID YOU KNOW that spiders are used in the manufacture of bombsights, and that llamas came in very handy during the London blitz? Richard Dempewolff has summed up the "war efforts" of birds and beasts in an unusual book called "Animal Reveille" (Doubleday). . . . Pamela Brinton and Ann Stickney, who run the Weekend Book Service at 959 Madison, New York, had a visit last week from a lady customer who browsed through their shelves and carefully piled up the half dozen most expensive items in stock. The girls, anticipating the biggest sale of their careers, turned their backs for a moment. The lady and the books vanished. Pamela caught her a block away. "May I wrap those books for you?" she inquired pleasantly. The woman handed them over and fled. . . . Herman Styler reports an incident in the juvenile department of a downtown bookstore. A little girl busied herself with a box of crayons while her mother examined the Christmas books. The clerk asked the child what she was up to. "I'm drawing a picture of God," she replied. "But how do you know what God looks like?" the clerk demanded. "That's why I'm drawing it," said the little girl, "I want to find out." . . .

ERIC STANLEY GARDNER, Morrow's ace mystery story writer, has returned from Nassau with enough unpublished data on the Marigny case to fill up two new Perry Mason thrillers. . . . Just to keep you fully posted, Macmillan has published a book called "Taxidermy," by Leon L. Pray, "who has worked for forty-two years as a professional taxidermist, and who is noted for his perfection of the borax system of moth-proofing in place of the arsenic method." . . . The St. George School, of Middletown, Rhode Island, has produced a dramatic version of Dickens's "A Christmas Carol," which was written exactly one hundred years ago. . . . *Variety's* Abel



Green, profiled in Trade Winds some months ago, heads the committee that chooses the talent for Philco's new "Radio Hall of Fame." This program will occupy the 6-7 E.W.T. slot every Sunday over the Blue Network. In its initial airing Quentin Reynolds represented the book world, sharing honors with the cast of "Winged Victory," Paul Whiteman, Hildegarde, Bob Hope, and Jimmie Durante. It was a boff, a wham, a sockeroo. If they keep this up, they'll have the King diving. . . .

WILLIAM CAMP, whose war novel, "Retreat, Hell!" is a new Appleton publication, borrowed his title from the anecdote about two little rabbits who were sitting on a hill when a horde of Jap soldiers appeared on the skyline. "Shall we retreat?" asked one rabbit. "Retreat, Hell!" said the other. "We'll stand our ground right here—and outnumber them!" . . . A benighted soul who had read too many *SRL* letters to the editors, ordered from the Liveright Bookshop a copy of "Is Germany Incurable?"—by Harry Elmer Barnes. . . . In Washington, Colonel John Winterich receives local weather reports over the telephone twice a day; he explains that his desk in the Pentagon Building is half a mile from the nearest window. . . . Dr. Gregory Zilboorg cautioned a group of authors and editors the other day: "Never trust your first impulses. They're likely to be honest!" He also declared that anybody who talked or wrote about his own psychoanalysis obviously was not yet cured. The doctor, who ought to know, thinks that 99.44 per cent of the material in the recent rash of novels about analysts and their work is hooey. . . . Plans are afoot to publish "Oklahoma!" in book form in the Spring. Meanwhile Decca has sold 125,000 sets of its fine new album of records of the phenomenal hit, sung by the original cast, three days after they went on sale. Forty thousand sets were sold in New York alone. . . .

AT THE FUNERAL of George M. Cohan, in November 1942, Ward Morehouse, whose warm and engrossing biography of the famous song-and-dance man has just been published by Lippincott, remarked sadly, "Remember how they sang 'Over There' in the last war? He'd have written one just as good for them this time if he'd lived a few months longer." Well, the news is that a George M. Cohan melody is the favorite of the troops again after all, because wherever American boys are stationed, particularly in Britain and on the approaches to Rome, the most popular tune by a mile is the rousing old "He's a Yankee Doodle Dandy." . . . The British troops, meanwhile, continue to roar out "The Beer Barrel

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"I don't care how many people are murdered as long as it has a happy ending."

Polka" in preference to all home-grown jingles.

Three other songs are favored at the moment in the best Allied military circles, and it is my pleasure to bring you the lyrics thereof. First and foremost is a flavorsome item called "Dirty Gertie from Bizerte." The music for this number was composed by Sergeant Paul Reif, who also perpetrated "Isle of Capri" (remember?); the lyric sprang full-blown from the fertile mind of Lt. Bill Russell of the Engineers. Slightly sapolioed for the family trade, the first verse reads:

Dirty Gertie from Bizerte
Hid a mouse trap 'neath her skirtie,
Strapped it to her kneecap purty,
Baited it with Fleur de Flirte,
Made her boy friends' fingers hurty,
Made her boy friends more alerty.
She was voted in Bizerte
"Miss Latrine" for 1930.

Gertie, of course, grows more adventurous in each succeeding stanza. A more vitriolic and sophisticated ditty that has swept London is Noel Coward's "Don't Let's Be Beastly to the Germans," whose brilliant lyric runs as follows:

Don't let's be beastly to the Germans
When our victory is ultimately won.
It was just those nasty Nazis who persuaded them to fight
And their Beethoven and Bach are really far worse than their bite.
Let's be meek to them and turn the other cheek to them
And try to bring out their latent sense of fun.
Let's give them full air parity
And treat the rats with charity,
But don't let's be beastly to the Hun.
Don't let's be beastly to the Germans
When we've definitely got them on the run.
Let us treat them very kindly as we would a valued friend;
We might send them out some Bishops as a form of lease and lend.
Let's be sweet to them and day by day repeat to them
That "sterilization" simply isn't done.
Let's help the dirty swine again
To occupy the Rhine again
But don't let's be beastly to the Hun.

Don't let's be beastly to the Germans
When the age of peace and plenty has begun.
We must send them steel and oil and everything they need,
For their peaceable intentions can be always guaranteed.
Let's employ with them a sort of strength through joy with them;
They're better than us at honest manly fun.
Let's let them feel they're swell again
And bomb us all to hell again,
But don't let's be beastly to the Hun.

Don't let's be beastly to the Germans,
For you can't deprive a gangster of his gun.
Though they've been a little naughty to the Czechs and Poles and Dutch,
I don't suppose those countries really minded very much.
Let's be free with them and share the B.B.C. with them;
We mustn't prevent them basking in the sun.
Let's soften their defeat again
And build their bloody fleet again,
But don't let's be beastly to the Hun.

Finally, Irving Berlin has reëntered the lists with a slightly corny number called "My British Buddy." He introduced it personally at the wildly successful London premiere of "This Is the Army"; within a week all of the armed forces in Britain were whistling it, and soon, never fear, you'll be doing it too:

We're as different as can be;
He thinks he's winning the war
And I think it's me.
But we're in there pitching
And on one thing we agree:
When the job is done
And the war is won
We'll be clasping hands across the sea,
My British Buddy. . . .

A Warner Brothers' advertising executive hails the picture version of "This Is the Army" as the "One, Two, Three" feature of the year: "One-derful, Two-riffic, Three-mendous!"

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Milton's Protestant Scholarship

MILTON AND THE PURITAN DILEMMA 1641-1660. By Arthur Barker. Toronto: The University of Toronto Press. 1942. 440 *pp.*

Reviewed by WILLIAM HALLER

MILTON is the one great English poet who was a consistent and active revolutionary, giving the best years of his life to revolutionary politics and to public office under a revolutionary regime. He is the one poet preoccupied throughout his career with that prime concern of his nation, namely, government, the relation of the individual to authority in the family, the church, and the state. Yet in spite of all this, or perhaps because of it, we have had to wait long for a dispassionate critical detailed study of his thought such as Professor Barker has now supplied with great learning and patience. Milton's thought is not always easy to follow, and Professor Barker does not always write with an easy hand, but the book before us will be quite indispensable to all students of the poet and to all others as well who wish to understand the genesis of that conception of liberty under law which seems so peculiarly the possession of English-speaking peoples.

The question that absorbed Milton's energies was the age-old problem of reconciling the claims of human personality to the exigencies of law and fact, of attaining freedom without incurring anarchy, of enforcing order without recourse to tyranny. He had, moreover, to do his thinking upon this problem in the circumstances of revolution. He was convinced of the instant need for action against despotism if order and freedom were to be secured in the church, in the family, in education, and the public press, in the state. There is surely nothing here to debar comprehension, at any rate in any age such as the present. Why then should it have taken so long for critical comprehension to overtake Milton's revolutionary thought? One answer is obvious. He was a seventeenth-century English Protestant scholar, and his thinking about the problem of government was necessarily done in terms of an intellectual system and with the aid of a body of legend and image which, largely as a result of the revolution he helped to promote, became presently outmoded and discredited. He assumed, that is, that the perfect rule for the government of man was revealed in the scriptures, that reason was able to discover it there, that discourse could make it known, and that when known and obeyed it would inevitably lead to the indefinite progress of mankind in the enjoyment of the good. The scriptures, however, were not a simple code of laws or a treatise on the state but a varied collection of highly imaginative literature displaying with singular vividness and intensity the life of an extraordinary people. The endeavor to extract a set rule for the English state from the legends, prophecies, apothegms, and apocalyptical poetry of the Bible had not at all the effect that was expected. Neither did it have the effect that is sometimes supposed. When the multitude searched the scriptures, the multitude learned that the scriptures could be quoted for a multitude of purposes. Milton's purposes were those of the Puritan humanist, and as such they came near to expressing the most vital and enduring elements in the whole Puritan movement. He was committed to his Protestant faith in the Bible, but he read the Bible with eyes that had looked long upon the ancient classics and a mind imbued with a conception of human nature and of the nature of truth which owed at least as much to Plato as to Moses and Paul.

All this does not make Milton's ideas easy of comprehension by minds unlearned in either the classics or the scriptures and inhospitable to theological modes of reasoning. Prepared to argue in theological and scriptural terms from the point of view of the humanist scholar and poet, Milton put his talents to work for the Puritan revolutionary cause. The score or so of polemic works which he had put forth by 1660 were not written with philosophic calm but with headlong zeal for the reformation of England and Englishmen. Needless to say their author's theories shifted with the unfolding of events, and his projects one after another fell short. Nevertheless he managed to set forth his personal version of the great English Puritan doctrine of liberty and law. His hopes came to nothing, but in the long view the Puritan Revolution came to a great deal. Mr. Barker has done more to make Milton's part in all this clear than most who have ventured to write about the subject.

Three-Dimensional Weather

KNOWING THE WEATHER. By T. Morris Longstreth. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1943. 150 *pp.* $1.69.

Reviewed by EDWARD TATNALL CANBY

THE current output of books on meteorology shows no signs of abating, and rightly so. The new dramatic three-dimensional weather has so recently thrown out the old ground-ridden two-way system that even though the services, the airlines, and the weather bureau are completely converted, there are still plenty of old-time weather enthusiasts, lost in the war shuffle, whose curiosity has yet to be satisfied.

This book is primarily for the amateur market in the sense that the stress is on weather as a fascination, rather than as a matter of life and death. Yet I suggest that it is not the book for a rank beginner. Mr. Longstreth is no simplifier. His material is comprehensive. Yet he presents this great mass of information in a pleasantly rambling style that would be excellent were there one third the material, but which here results too often in confusion—unless one is forearmed by some sort of contact with weather shop talk. Within each chapter the sequence of events is often haphazard, even elliptical. Technical terms are inadequately explained, occasionally there is no explanation whatsoever—inadvertently, it seems. Thus in spite of the engaging and lively manner of presentation few real beginners can hope to follow Mr. Longstreth's arguments in detail.

On the other hand, the reader who has kept one eye on the heavens and the other on a weather map, or who has survived one of the newer elementary weather courses should be able to cope with these difficulties, and for them the book will be of genuine interest, for in a subject of this sort it is a valuable thing to be able to supplement a concise, accurate, but dry text-book with a more human if less well organized account such as this one. Mr. Longstreth is particularly fond of a startling type of analogy that would be indecorous in a text book, and for some it will be informative as well as amusing. A few samples will suffice. The coriolis force, one of the most difficult problems for the beginner, is described thus: "The air moves over the surface of a merry-go-round (the turning earth) and the motion goes to its head." That gives the essential idea! An occasional mixed metaphor adds to the general informality: "A calm is the weather's waiting room. A new round of weather is about to begin; all the old accounts are in and everything balances." If you can swallow that, and if you know what a warm sector is, by all means add this volume to your weather shelf.

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The Appetite of Fire

BURNING AN EMPIRE. By Stewart H. Holbrook. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1943. 229 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by EDWARD HUNGERFORD

THROUGH the years they have burned their paths across the land from easternmost Maine to Oregon and the Olympic Peninsula of Washington, these fiery scourges, flaming like all the devils in hell, the dread and fear of every woodsman, camper, trapper, and lumberjack. In the past century and a half forest fires have killed more pioneers than did all the American savages, have destroyed more forests than all the reckless lumberjacks.

It is a highly dramatic story that Stewart H. Holbrook has told in "Burning an Empire." He begins with a modest blaze in which he himself participated—only one life lost and $250,000 in property; then he goes back into history to earlier and far greater conflagrations. Most monumental of all, the Peshtigo, Wisconsin disaster in 1871. That was the time that fire raged on both sides of the broad Green Bay—the worst forest fire in all history. Over 1,200,000 acres burned and, infinitely worse, six hundred lives were lost.

Frank E. Noyes had just established his *Eagle* newspaper in the frontier town. He had come to it as a place of promise. The Chicago & Northwestern was upon his heels, clearing its right-of-way and putting down its track on its way to Menominee, Michigan. Its woodsmen and laborers were slashing down the pine and the spruce, the cedar and the tamarack; burning up the debris as they went their way, opening the paths for the rails of the Iron Horse. It was a busy summer and Editor Noyes was on the job, looking for any news that might turn up that 1871.

It turned up. On September 9, *The Eagle* noted that Mulligan's Brigade of choppers was on its way through the town clearing the track for the railroad . . . seven days later it reported "heavy fires to the northeast of the village." Mulligan's Brigade was doing its work. . . . Two weeks later, "Last Sunday all hands turned out to fight fire in the woods near the Peshtigo factory." . . . Seven days after that all hell broke loose. The little village of Peshtigo was an inferno. . . . It was a week before Editor Noyes was able to get out another issue of *The Eagle,* printed in miniature from a neighboring town. Noyes wrote that he had had trouble getting paper up from Chicago. He heard that there had been quite a fire there—that fateful October 8—but what if a great city had been almost destroyed, only 125 lives had been lost? Peshtigo had fared far worse. But Chicago got most of the publicity.

The fire at Hinckley, Minnesota, September, 1894, was another terrible catastrophe, with a Northern Pacific train caught in the swift sweep of the flames, its passengers barely able to run for safety to the watery mud of a slimy pool beside the track. There was a pretty terrible fire out in Tillamook, Oregon, in 1933—and one fifteen years earlier at Cloquet near Duluth.

Mr. Holbrook has missed none of these holocausts. He has told of them in a simple, direct fashion, yet with a full sense of the theater in his telling. They lend themselves easily to such treatment. . . . The book points to its own moral—and points to it clearly. National carelessness is a national sin. Progressive lumbermen see it as such, and do their best to battle against one of the deadliest and most unexpected of swift-rushing disasters. Precaution helps. But even eternal vigilance cannot always prevent or smother the deadly forest fire.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Sohrab. Arnold: "Sohrab and Rustum."
2. The sharp eyes of the Pied Piper. Browning.
3. My luve. Burns: "A Red, Red Rose."
4. The Assyrian. Byron: "The Destruction of Sennacherib."
5. My master. Carey: "Sally in Our Alley."
6. The wedding guest. Coleridge: "The Ancient Mariner."
7. The Wordly Hope men set their hearts upon. Fitzgerald: "The Rubaiyat."
8. Ben Adhem's room. Hunt: "Abou Ben Adhem."
9. Madeline. Keats: "The Eve of St. Agnes."
10. Songs of the humbler poets. Longfellow: "The Day is Done."
11. St. Nicholas's belly. Moore: "A Visit from St. Nicholas."
12. Thy (Helen's) beauty. Poe: "To Helen."
13. A needless Alexandrine. Pope: "Essay on Criticism."
14. The curled moon. Rossetti: "The Blessed Damozel."
15. Love. Scott: "Lochinvar."
16. Dead leaves. Shelley: "Ode to the West Wind."
17. The days that are no more. Tennyson: "Tears, Idle Tears."
18. Charlotte. Thackeray: "The Sorrows of Werther."
19. The dawn. Wilde: "The Harlot's House."
20. This City. Wordsworth: "London, 1802."

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The Phoenix Nest

FIGHT, Senators, to quash the soldiers' vote!
Fight, Orators—take the young men by the throat!
Fight for States Rights, cry havoc, shoot the breeze!
Seven states do not provide for absentees.
Strike for your Righteous Technicalities!
Three more do not permit voting from overseas.
Forward Mississippi, forward Tennessee,
Arkansas forward; forward, States of the Free!
"State Jurisdiction!" shout; keep up your crying.
Far off your own young men are only dying;
You simply cannot say how you have missed 'em,
But they're not fit for a Federal Ballot System!
For God's sake, if the Poll Task were defeated,
When would your term of office be repeated?
Fight for your altars and your fires; O fight
For every cockeyed Constitutional Right!
Strike for your Native Land; and just in case
She doesn't like it, strike her in the face!
Who knows how they would vote? Why that, of course, is
Always the trouble with the darned armed forces.
'Tis possible they might hold in bold derision
Disfranchisement by the Poll-tax Provision.
'Tis possible they'd sink to degradation
And, to Repubs, prefer the Administration!
Charge then with all your chivalry, O wave
Your banners, and cheer on the undying brave!
Tremolo, and hold that wild sonorous note—
But for the Love of God don't let them vote!

In case you didn't see in a recent *New York Post* (Weekly Picture Magazine Section) a poem called "Around the Clock," by *SRL's* own Christopher Morley (we shall always claim him even though he is now on his own, through no fault of ours!) I should like to quote you the following stanzas from it. Chris begins the poem by quoting the words of Adolf Hitler, "If the German People Despair, I Will Not Be Sorry for Them."

Drink deep the bitter dose.
Translate it for yourselves—*Verzweiflung? Hoffnungslos?*
Hopelessness is now your only hope.
How many years you salvaged and blasphemed,
Corrupted all that patient men had dreamed,
Turned speech to gibberish—
You have your neurotic wish.
Truth, crazed by twenty years of double-talk,
Take up your bed and walk.
Let Truth declare
Your single word, *Despair.*

III

Run, panic word, in every German mind:
Poison the weary nerve and speed the sickness.
After the frenzy comes the horrible weakness.
Who says you this word *Despair?*
It greets you from behind,
But you look and there's no one there.
Anonymous, from the sky,
You hear it multiply;
Stark on the eastern wind, or salt on the Frisian tide.
The belly loosens and the guts divide.
Print rolls it with a million-metalled tongue:
Your old remember it well,
And your young had no chance to be young.
It is tapped in the telephone wire,
Chokes the kitchen fire, whistles in the plumbing!
The word is coming, coming.
It hums in the radio,
It tiptoes up the stair—
Your word: Despair. Despair.
Cold on the limbs below,
Hot vomit in the skull.
A frost-and-fever spell.
Your word. *Despair.*

When I think of the utter, intolerable despair that the Germans have caused to the men, women, and children of many nations; the despair that the majority of the German people so smugly consented to, as efficiently and cold-bloodedly administered by their leaders and their armies; the Despair that was their chosen word—for Everybody Else—it seems to me, as Mr. Morley says elsewhere that

There was so much handwriting on the wall
That even the wall fell down.

There are many things I should like to discuss this week, but for which I haven't much space. Archibald Henderson has sent me from Chapel Hill the first of two commemoration issues of "The Carolina Play-Book" in honor of (a) twenty-five years of the Carolina Playmakers; (b) the sesquicentennial of the University of North Carolina. This issue has an added interest as a memorial to the late Thomas Wolfe, containing several of his unpublished letters and a college essay of his. A second commemoration issue will come later, with further material concerning the history of the Carolina Playmakers. Here they rightly honor Frederick H. Koch, their Founder. Mr. Henderson himself raises the interesting question: Is Thomas Wolfe another "lost" American dramatist? He writes me: "He had superb training—under Koch here, under Baker (trainer for Broadway) at Harvard; and also studied with lyrical intensity and almost maniacal fervor—eight years in all. But Broadway couldn't 'see' him. At last, *faute de mieux,* he turned to a task obviously not his *métier;* and made an enviable reputation as a—scarcely a novelist—fiction autobiographer. I wonder—!"

Earle Walbridge sends me a letter chiefly on the late E. M. Delafield. I have only space this week to quote in part from that part of the letter—more later on:

> I wonder whether I can get in a few remarks about the lamented E. M. Delafield by quoting a poem she wrote at eight:
>
> Si une fée m'apparaissait
> Et me disait, "Que veux-tu?"
> Bien sur que je répondrai
> "Tous les livres qui peuvent être lus."
>
> That came from the heart, since the unfortunate child was allowed to read not more than one hour every day (which she called "a preposterous rule") and was usually given tripe at that, whether in English or French.
>
> Neither *The Times* nor *Herald Tribune* mentioned her last novel, "Late and Soon," a characteristic and brilliant novel of manners. It also has one of those neurotic young Englishmen she began creating twenty years ago in "A Reversion to Type." Anne Parrish, a close friend of hers, told me last February, that her son, Lionel Dashwood, couldn't stand army life and shot himself. The tragedy had no effect on the quality of her work, but no doubt it contributed to her death at only fifty-two. As you know, her mother wrote novels under her name of Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. Elizabeth de la Pasture, when she began to write novels, intended to call herself E. M. Van der Veldt, but her publisher thought the name had too German a sound, and she accepted her sister's suggestion of the literal English translation Delafield. Tennyson Jesse was the reader who recommended the acceptance of this first venture, which Miss Jesse retitled "Zella Sees Herself." (Incidentally, both Tennyson Jesse and E. M. Delafield wrote *romans à clef* based on the celebrated Thompson-Bywaters murder case, the first "A Pin to See the Peepshow" and the latter "A Messalina of the Suburbs"—never published here, but Terence Holliday usually has a copy in stock.)

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 507)

MARY JOSEPHINE BENTON:
SUN SONG
(CANADIAN POET)

Man may have named them Venus, Mars,
Jupiter, Saturn, but I delight
To station each in the curtained night!
Splendid, exultant, I stalk the height,
First-born son of the Father of Light
Glory is mine and power and loneliness!

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Adventures in Ireland

MAGGIE NO DOUBT. By Maggie Owen Wadelton. New York: Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1943. 347 *pp.* $2.75.

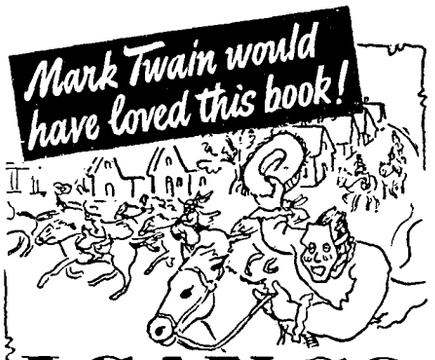
Reviewed by MABEL S. ULRICH

SOME books are like those women whose charm, for the susceptible, is out of all proportion to their beauty or wisdom. Such books are the despair of the reviewer for well he knows that what is charm for him may well be only a bore to more solid readers. I may as well confess in the beginning that I have succumbed to Maggie Owen Melody as completely as did any of her "gentlemen"; that I therefore can hardly bring to a review of her autobiography the detached and critical attitude becoming a reviewer. For its special titivating flavor you must go to the book itself. The best that I can do is to tell you a little of why it is different and something of what it is about.

In Maggie's autobiography there is very little looking backward. It is a "chaptered book" of her adolescent years and the chapters are recorded not from memory but during the living of them. This gives to her comments, no less than to the account of her adventures, a freshness and vitality that is altogether unique—this and the picturesque quirks of her Irish phraseology.

Maggie, up to the age of twelve, kept a spirited journal that was published years later as "The Book of Maggie Owen." It reveals a child-world, funnier, more vivid, more uninhibited than could be possibly found outside of Ireland, inhabited by a lively bunch of relatives, servants, and animals. Now comes "the first chaptered book she ever wrote." It was begun the day she, almost thirteen, her dashing aunt, Kate Melody, and the beautiful companion-nurse Catherine, arrived in New York and took up residence in the Hotel Plaza, and it was written for Edward who "bid me to make an United States book of all me doings with no days set down into it all but chapters made in the like of a printed book." After a short period of wide-eyed wonder at the splendor of a New York hotel and the city's sights, Maggie falls ill and she is taken to the "Prespaterian" Hospital. Here she spends months in a wheeled chair and although she is often homesick and finds hospitals "the most unbecoming places in the wide wide World," she loses none of her mischief. One of her pranks leads to a warm friendship with a "Charles Froman who had jaundice on him" and who read "Romeo and Juliet" to her and Catherine. When Kate Melody had to return to Ireland Maggie and Catherine were taken over by a jolly family who lived on a farm up the Hudson. Here she found everything a child needs, other children, a tender mother, a wonderful old Grandsire. She went to the country school where she fought a lusty, bloody battle with a girl who taunted her with being "an Irish mick." But serpents entered this Eden. Greedy relatives from Brooklyn attempted to establish legal control over her. She fled back to Ireland and, when they pursued her there, foiled them by entering upon a marriage in name only, with a friend of her uncle's with whom she lived in Paris. At eighteen the marriage was annulled and Maggie came into her own money. Grown up now, her book loses much of its droll naivete, but it still retains its vivid Irish expressiveness, and her questing spirit has lost none of its gaiety. After an idyllic year in California she returns to Paris as World War I is declared. She enters a clinic to learn nursing, is discharged for tweaking the beard of a too pompous medico, drives a Red Cross ambulance, has a hair-pulling and blood-letting fight with a "Scots Woman," a madcap escapade with a John Sully for which she is decorated, and contributes not a little to the wild doings of the irresponsible youth who foregathered in Paris during those war years. Before the war is over she goes back to Ireland to wed Edward. "It was a war marriage indeed but it was a marriage with neither tears nor foreboding. Instead there were the gaiety and laughter and joy of a race who had long learned to take each day's happiness as it came to them with no wish to peep over the rim of life to see what would come on the morrow." When Edward is killed in action the zest for living departs. The chaptered book has no more meaning for Maggie. But she opens it again a year later when she is once again in New York surrounded by her "ruffians," a group of young journalists, architects, and medical students whose love-making between drinks, and irresponsible nonsense awaken laughter in her again. Thomas W.—she met him years before in Paris—reenters her life and it is Thomas she marries. Twenty-five years later Maggie picks up the loose threads for us in a postscript. Its last sentence, "And so she lived happily ever after."

If the mood is on you for escape into a book of youth and laughter and an occasional tear, one quite different from any you have read before, then "Maggie No Doubt" is definitely for you.



I CAN GO HOME AGAIN

By ARTHUR G. POWELL

HERE is small-town America—as authentic as peanuts and sugar cane. It's a little corner of backwoods Georgia, lifted out of the past by a distinguished jurist who has been one with these people since boyhood and his circuit-riding days. $3.00

The University of North Carolina Press
Chapel Hill, N. C.

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Soldier's Ordeal

THIS IS MY BROTHER. By Louis Paul. New York: Crown Publishers. 1943. 166 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

MR. PAUL'S last book was "The Ordeal of Sergeant Smoot," a study in rookie hilarity. Now he turns to the darker side of the medal, to probe seriously at the heart of the American soldier. It might with some justice have been called "The Ordeal of Corporal Hilton." Bill Hilton, with four others, is captured in the hopeless rearguard action on Bataan. The five are subjected to infamous humiliation and torture by the Japanese, third-degreed for information they will not give, if they have it, and are finally condemned to death arbitrarily, as spies. One by one they are killed off, and Hilton, the most articulate, is writing a diary in which he sets down his thoughts, retrospects, musings, and frenzies under pressure. What is this about, this war? This suffering and martyrdom? What are we fighting for? These and similar queries are set down as they crystallize in the mind of a man awaiting death.

There is no question of Mr. Paul's seriousness. He is dead in earnest, he is moved, these are heartfelt searchings. But since he puts the question, the book must stand or fall by the quality of his reasonings, certainly by the answer with which he comes forth. The best we can say is that the spectacle of his fellows' sufferings and his own immersion in the battle quite blind Hilton to what this thing is about. Stricken by the death of his friends, he cries out at first that he knows now what the war is for, it is to save them, to revenge their loss. Well, that doesn't answer it. What did they come for, before their death so angered him? He has a larger answer for this: "The war, I think, this war, goes back to our struggles against the untamed wilderness, with its promise of freedom from old tyrannies. It began when we fought together against Indian guerillas and raised stockades and built log huts to survive the bitter New England winter."

This is a partial truth. It bears also the seed of a tragic and dangerous miscomprehension. If Hilton's sufferings have led him to regard the present war as merely one more struggle against some alien and outside malignancy, then his grief and fury are wasted, and his life too, and the lives of his brothers. In one sense fascism is alien to the American spirit. In another it is as much a part of America as it is of every European country where it has made its appearance. It is inside every stockade this time, as well as outside. This is no original remark. The liberals of Europe have long known that we are engaged in a great worldwide civil war cutting across the structure of every nation involved. The triumphs of fascism have always been won internally first, before any alien barbarians have come to knock down the stockade. We are perhaps the last to discover this but we are discovering it, as a dozen recent books are giving eloquent testimony.

Such, most briefly, is the discovery for which we search Hilton's diary in vain. Perhaps he could not see it there in the filthy hut in Bataan, and anyway awareness of it would not have made his courage greater, or his death easier. But it is we, inheritors of his diary, who need to understand what he could not see. The war against fascism isn't going to end with the surrender of the cruel Germans and the cruel Japs. We'd better know what it is that kills the Bill Hiltons everywhere.

Louis Paul

Romantic Fiction

KITTY. By Rosamond Marshall. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1943. 303 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

HERE'S an old dish, spiced with the sauce of modern frankness of speech, and a few shredded herbs of social significance — a dish which may very well appeal to those who know a little of the London of Gainsborough's time. Kitty is that unlikely creature, the whore with a soul of snow, the drab who learns elegance, and after the most sordid experiences as a filthy, miserable child-harlot grows up to have a great romantic love affair.

Miss Marshall might have gotten away with it, if she had not, by some perverse choice, made Kitty herself write the story. We know a good deal about two famous courtesans of this time—Emma Hamilton and Harriette Wilson. I imagine Emma is the original of Kitty, though Emma's beginnings were not so abject and wretched as Kitty's. But this fictitious autobiography of Kitty's could never have been written a hundred years ago. Not only is the style, except for a certain strained pastiche in the dialogue, hopelessly of to-day; Miss Marshall allows Kitty to use words unknown in Kitty's day, or not used in the sense here employed, and also to make mistakes about historical characters. These are obstacles which one must overcome to get verisimilitude in writing an incredible story.

Still the book has gusto and speed The characterization of some of the people is, in its romantic way, good: especially good are Thomas Gainsborough and Kitty's first "steady," Sir Hugh Marcy. It is useless to complain of extravagance in a story of this kind; but Miss Marshall rather overdoes it.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE MAN WHO WAS NOT THERE *Ethel Lina White* (Harpers: $2.)	Septet of young Englishmen and women renew acquaintance after 7 year separation in Gothic surroundings where murder occurs.	Bizarre happenings in private zoo of eccentric knight and quickly solved crime keep fantastically plotted yarn moving at top speed.	Excellent thriller
I SMELL THE DEVIL *Carey Magoon* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Rare-book room librarian of Mid-Western college stabbed. Stout associate helps ex-student sleuth elucidate odd case.	College background capitally done—no trace of mustiness. Plot logically worked out and action incessant.	Very good

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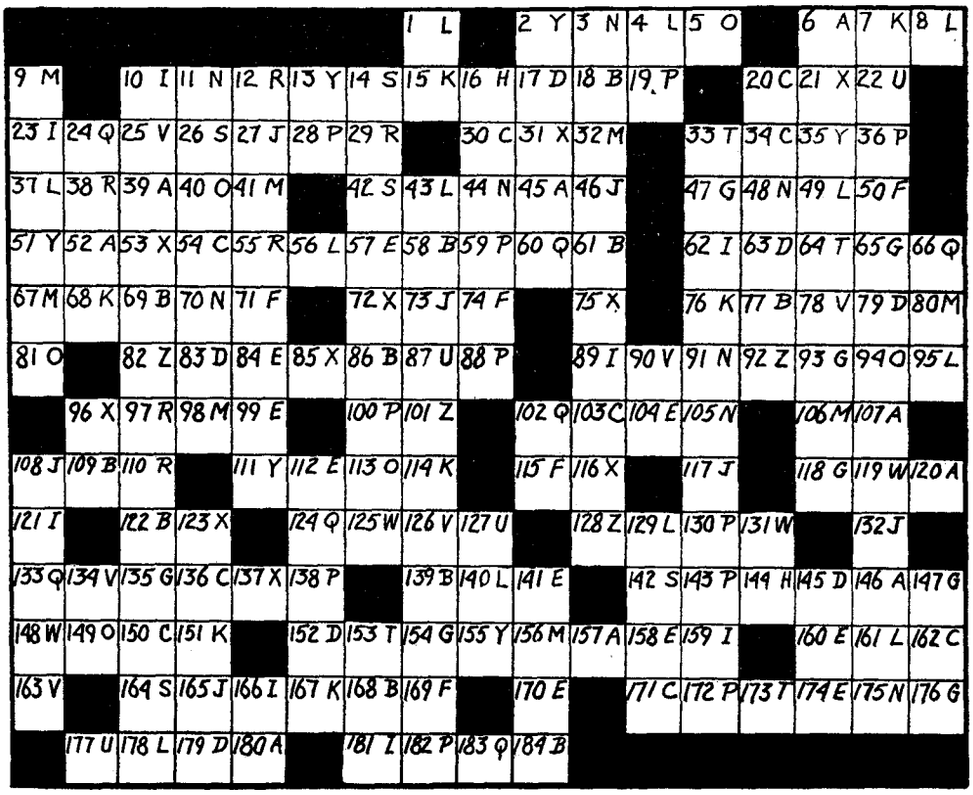
The Crostics Club

THE following from Lt. Duane Garroway, c/o Postmaster, New York City—twelve days in coming—warms our hearts: "Since I've been in the Army DCs have taken on a new significance, though they are frequently neglected altogether, Army life being what it is. The mental diversion a DC affords is worth any price you could ask." Then, since the "*SRLs* have a tendency to find new owners unless kept under lock and key" he inquires about our books. Needless to say we sent him at once Series 15 with our blessings.

Mrs. Anne Garrison, Mason, Michigan, has taken the pains to send me an extract from the "Sermons" of Launcelot Andrewes as the sort of puzzle she'd enjoy figuring out far more than a pithy passage from Walter Lippmann. James Joyce or Gertrude Stein would be apple pie compared with hers. Judging from the protests that came from Oliver Wendell Holmes's "Aestivation" in Series 13—"The foles, languescent, pend from arid rames"—how long, think you, would I keep my job?

Now, Kathryn Murch, Swarthmore, Pa., likes most of all the appropriateness of our choices, either seasonal or with reference to contemporary events or in commemoration of great men and nations. A housekeeper and a commuter to a war job, she does them on the train or in bed at night, using her husband's brains but no reference books, and she is glad if she can lay down a completed DC just as the next issue arrives with the new one. Mrs. Murch likes long words in the diagram as easy to guess with their *ness* or *tion* endings. A succession of three-letter words, she adds, is "quite baffling and always reminds me of the proverb I learned as a child: 'To do so no more is the truest repentance'." Speaking of repetitions she writes: "There was a time when the long-haired Russian dog yapped at us pretty frequently—but what was his name? I'll still have to puzzle him out when he appears again." (I've really almost forgotten him except that he was a find to utilize a *w* and two *h's—owtchah,* his name). And she concludes her helpfully meaty letter thus: "I don't know whether you know it or not but there is a rare nicety about the solution of a DC. A wrong guess, even early in the struggle, shows itself very soon—there'll be a word trying to begin with *sr* or a two-letter word ending in *i* or something else to show one's mistake. This is as pleasing as the agreement of a Latin adjective with its noun in case, number and gender or the satisfactory progress of a canoe on a river."

Did you note John Kieran's revelry over *Eleusis in One Small Voice,* November 26? E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 508

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 20 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. To attend to with thoroughness (slang; 3 wds.)	146 52 157 45 6 39 180 120 107
B. Burdensome (slang; 3 wds.)	122 18 69 86 77 184 58 109 168 61 139
C. Island off S. E. Massachusetts.	34 162 136 30 150 171 54 103 20
D. Bringing up for discussion.	152 63 79 179 17 145 83
E. English painter of Belgian birth (1836-1912).	170 158 174 84 160 57 112 141 99 104
F. A small and rare gull of the far north.	74 115 50 71 169
G. Cavils; equivocates.	65 135 93 47 118 154 147 176
H. The home of Job (Bib.)	144 16
I. Fixed; motionless.	166 89 62 10 181 23 121 159
J. Corporeal; physical.	46 73 165 117 108 132 27
K. Gulf at the head of the Adriatic.	68 76 15 7 151 167 114
L. Make an end of; desist from (3 wds.)	140 43 4 8 95 56 178 49 37 1 129 161
M. Emergence from a covering (Zool.) (as an insect from its pupa).	32 156 80 106 41 67 98 9
N. To re-echo.	11 48 44 175 91 3 105 70
O. Play by Goethe; overture by Beethoven.	5 113 40 149 94 81
P. God (3 wds.)	28 138 130 100 172 36 88 143 182 19 59
Q. Accursed.	66 24 124 133 60 102 183
R. American sculptor (1829-1904) (Groups).	97 38 12 110 55 29
S. Members of the genus *Triturus* (Zool.)	14 26 42 142 164
T. The Mt. the Titans piled on Olympus.	153 173 64 33
U. Assembly in ancient Ireland for law-making and competitions.	127 22 177 87
V. The Sacred Writings of the Parsees.	134 78 126 25 163 90
W. English dramatist, poet, editor, translator (1674-1718).	148 119 131 125
X. European warbler related to the willow wren.	137 31 85 72 96 53 21 75 116 123
Y. Deity of the underworld, night, magic (Gr.)	2 111 51 13 35 155
Z. Large wild or domesticated oxen of central Asia.	101 82 92 128

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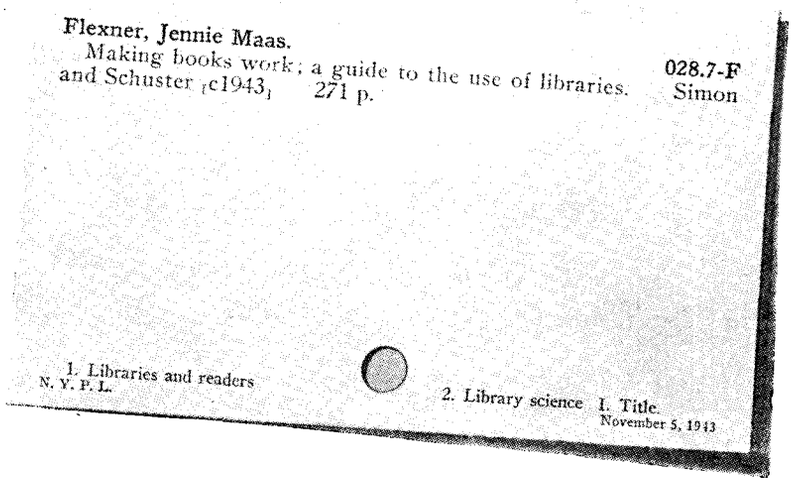
Flexner, Jennie Maas.
Making books work; a guide to the use of libraries. 028.7-F
and Schuster [c1943] 271 p. Simon
1. Libraries and readers
N. Y. P. L.
2. Library science I. Title.
November 5, 1943

MAKING BOOKS WORK is a book designed to remove the barriers between books and readers. It is a guide for everyone, general reader or expert, to the most efficient way to use a library as a means of finding, enlarging, correlating, or checking information. It shows what the tools of the library are; describes in detail the key reference works; and outlines the services a library has to offer, many of which may be unfamiliar to even a regular library-goer or trained researcher. Clear and concise examples illustrate the various cataloguing methods. The book's author, Miss Jennie M. Flexner, Readers' Adviser at the New York Public Library, has long been one of the best-known figures in American library science.

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